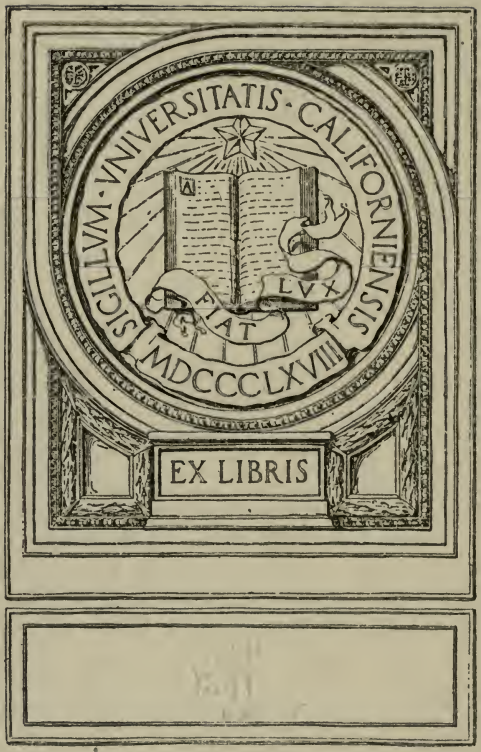
What is the German Nation Dying for?

By Karl Ludwig Krause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By

Karl Ludwig Krause

Translated from the German by
Adele Szold Seltzer

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

The greater part of "What is the German Nation Dying For?" was written while the author was in Germany, and some of the chapters after he had taken refuge in Switzerland, the whole covering a period from as early as 1916 to a recent date.

It is remarkable with what clearness of vision and confidence Karl Ludwig Krause foresaw the final outcome of the war as events are now shaping themselves. Though a German himself, he maintained from the very start that a complete military defeat of his own country was needed for the good of the world and of the German people themselves, whom he does not divorce from their government in responsibility for the war.

He says that the Germans lost once for all at the 1914 Battle of the Marne and might as well have admitted defeat then and there, since the world would never permit Germany's triumph or the realization of her war aims, which he denounces as deadly to progress, civilization and humanity.

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The entrance of America into the war filled Krause with intense joy, and he hailed it as the fulfillment of his prophecy that the world would not allow Prussian militarism to triumph. In a manifesto dated Geneva, June 28, 1918, and appearing in the *Freie Zeitung* of Berne, Switzerland, which he signed in behalf of all the democratic elements of Germany and which is the latest expression we have from him, he writes that the sole responsibility for the war rests upon the autocratic and military rulers of Germany and Austria, that they alone are answerable for the prolongation of the war, that a republic must be established in Germany, and that the way to the overthrow of kaiserism can be paved only by a complete military defeat of Germany.

The manifesto concludes with the following:

"Thanks to the big-hearted, unselfish entry of the American nation into the war . . . and thanks to President Wilson's far-sighted policy, dictated by the most humane motives, our democratic war aims for Germany will be achieved. And if all signs do not deceive, the military defeat is nearer than seemed possible only a very short time ago."

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Why I Wrote This Book	11
II.	Mobilization	23
III.	"Now We'll Give 'Em a Licking"	28
IV.	Monarchy or Democracy?	30
V.	German Barbarians?	40
VI.	Herr Helfferich	44
VII.	Hunger	50
VIII.	Organization	53
IX.	The Lusitania	58
X.	The Cause of the War	60
XI.	The Optimist	82
XII.	Nationalism	88
XIII.	Secret Diplomacy	97
XIV.	"I Recognize No Parties Any More"	102
XV.	Prussia's Foreign Policy	105
XVI.	National Hysteria	115
XVII.	Liberty	119
XVIII.	"Go for the Enemy!"	126
XIX.	Zabern	133
XX.	Flunkey Souls	138
XXI.	The "Great Time"	141
XXII.	Why the Germans Are Disliked	146
XXIII.	The Best Joke of the War	158
XXIV.	"Gott Strafe England!"	160

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXV.	The German Social Democracy and the War	164
XXVI.	Victory, Victory!	176
XXVII.	Liebknecht	180
XXVIII.	Sweep Before Your Own Door	184
XXIX.	The Pan-Germans	189
XXX.	The Censorship	194
XXXI.	Prussian Militarism	201
XXXII.	Asininities	206
XXXIII.	Bluff!	210
XXXIV.	Quelle Bêtise	222
XXXV.	Concerning the Prussian Spirit	229
XXXVI.	England's Starving-Out of Germany.	235
XXXVII.	Race Hatred	240
XXXVIII.	Of the Bird That Fouls Its Own Nest.	245
XXXIX.	The Crash	250
XL.	Were the Peace Proposals Sincere?	259
XLI.	Von Bethmann-Hollweg	273
XLII.	Münchner Neueste Nachrichten	277
XLIII.	What Is the Obstacle to Peace?	282
XLIV.	The Assassination in Serajevo	287
XLV.	Forcing Peace	293
XLVI.	The Reckoning	300

What is the German Nation Dying For?

WHAT IS THE GERMAN NATION DYING FOR?

I

WHY I WROTE THIS BOOK

After the utter consternation of the first days of the war passed, a feeling awoke in me that a great wrong had been committed.

The dogs of war had been let loose. German armies were in Belgium! In a country with which Germany had had no differences and which had done Germany no harm. I could not share in the general rejoicing over the assault on Belgium and the achievements of our 42-centimetre guns. It seemed to me a matter of course that Germany should be able to beat down a small, defenseless nation like the Belgian.

The German government was forthcoming with explanations and excuses; but these only served to accentuate my feeling that a very great wrong had been committed, that a contract solemnly sworn to had been violated, that the honor of all mankind had

been besmirched and that the culture of the twentieth century had been trampled in the dust.

I felt myself incapable of adopting the morality of the Prussian government, whereby an alleged strategic necessity justified an attack upon a peaceful people, the massacre of so many innocent men, whose only crime was self-defense, and the destruction of so much of cultural value that can never be replaced.

This necessity-knows-no-law morality struck me as nothing more nor less than robber morality. To attack and kill a man simply for the sake of the more easily breaking into your neighbor's house! And the thing couldn't be made right by declaring that the neighbor had intended, later on, to break into Germany.

It filled me with profound shame and also with rage and indignation that this crime against humanity was committed not by any state you please, but by the government of a highly civilized nation, the government of my own country. My ancient and only too well-founded distrust of the Prussian system leapt to life again, and it was this distrust of mine that kept me from unquestionably accepting all the speeches and programs of the diplomats and the catchwords that the "national" press tossed out to the people. On the contrary, I was moved to test

the truth of it all, and that is what has led, as it were of itself, to my writing down these rebellious ideas of mine.

I hope I am right in assuming that there are many more of my countrymen than is commonly supposed who cherish similar ideas.

There is scarcely a single public occasion that the chancellor does not use to asseverate in deep tones of conviction, with a positiveness excluding contradiction, that the whole German people is behind him and that his policy is the policy of every German. And all the officers of the realm in descending order, in their "divinely" ordained dependence, echo what he says with an assiduity that cannot but arouse suspicion. What can be the object of this loud trumpeting of the unity of all Germans? Is it to throw dust in the eyes of the outside world and of the Germans themselves? Or is it narrow-mindedness, self-deception carried to an inconceivable degree—the self-deception of which we have witnessed so many examples in the course of the war?

But if it really is the chancellor's genuine belief that he has the whole German nation behind him, how does he know it? Whence does he derive his knowledge of the people's absolute unity of feeling after he has nailed their mouths shut by means of the

censorship and martial law and so prevented them from expressing their true opinions? Does he get his assurance from the hysterical shriekings of the "fatherland" press? But the "fatherland" press is the mouthpiece of certain circles of men who profit by the war, perhaps also of those who still think they can sleep peacefully because a Bethmann-Hollweg or a Hertling is keeping watch for them. The "fatherland" press does *not* speak for the people.

No and no and no! The people who toil, the people who do without, the people who bleed and suffer sorely—they are not behind the chancellor.

But they are not to open their mouths, they are to keep their hearts closed like a grave the contents of which must not be revealed—their indignation, their burning wrath against these forgerers, these liars, these suppressors of the truth.

The people are not behind the chancellor and never were. But those usurers are, those war-promoters, those big landed Junkers, and large shareholders, whose easily acquired millions drop into their laps like ripe plums, the whole military caste, which can now realize its dream of wading knee-deep in blood and destroying and annihilating to its heart's content. That feudal caste which needs war so as to reap in abundance where others have sowed.

All such as these stand behind the chancellor. Such alone are Bethmann-Hollweg's and Hertling's "people." They are the only ones who can and may speak. It is their voice alone that the chancellors hear, and what they lack in numbers is compensated for in insistent patriotic din and solemn adjurations to "hold out."

They, of course, can hold out, even though the war last another ten years.

They are the men who keep fanning the flames of the world conflagration, once it was set afire by a handful of insatiable creatures, to boil their soup on. Cæsar-madness it was, coupled with sinister blood-thirstiness and the persecution mania of Prussian militarism, which did not hesitate to convert Europe into a charnel-house when it deemed the time ripe for its plans.

What difference do the millions make who are weltering in blood? What difference all the cripples and blind men? What do the militarists care for the hundreds of thousands who must see their modest existence fall into ruins? How many of them had labored for years so as to be free of want in their old age! Everything they worked for devoured by the war, gone forever. The imprecations and curses

of all these unfortunates, the hatred of millions of men, must descend upon the war monsters.

What cynicism, in view of the undeniable fact that it was the German government that declared war and instantly proceeded to attack—what cynicism to keep insisting obstinately upon the fiction that the fatherland was attacked. Even King Ludwig of Bavaria was obliged to say in public in Munich—of course, by orders from Berlin—that war had been declared against Germany. They constantly keep dishing up the stale lie that we were attacked, and it was only through the quick action, the foresightedness and the boundless wisdom of the government that we were saved from the annihilation to which our enemies had doomed us.

So they forever din into the people's ears how innocent of the war our government is and how thankful the people should be to their leaders that "the enemy is not in our country." This is constantly being used to extort ever larger sacrifices of blood and money; and afterward it is said hypocritically: "The people are making all these sacrifices quite voluntarily from sheer patriotism."

The old familiar things are all the time being trumped upon us, France's *revanche,* England's envy, and Russia's mobilization, so as to conceal the Ger-

man government's own guilt and spur on the poor weary people when they are about to drop to the ground from exhaustion.

Disgust must fill every one who saw through these catchwords from the very first, before the war, when they necessarily constituted the threadbare pretext for a mad speeding up of armaments. Who can wonder that finally they also had to be held up as the pretext for attacking Europe?

In truth, there is no greater crime in the history of the world than these cold-blooded preparations and this attack.

And the chancellor maintains that all the people are following him along this path of blood and guilt. It isn't true! It's a lie!

And even though it were true and all the people were following him, I am not following him. I cannot. I can no more declare myself in accord with the Prussian government in its assault upon civilization and culture than I could declare myself in accord with my brother if he committed a crime.

And I must speak out openly, in spite of the certainty that cowardly revenge will be wreaked upon me. I must speak out, or else choke with repugnance and disgust.

Perhaps it will be said that the other governments

are not innocent either and it is not fair to look for the blame all on one side. It is not my purpose to do so.

But I may quietly leave it to the members of the enemy nations to allot the portion of blame falling upon their own governments, especially since there are thousands of Germans to help them and violent efforts are made in our country to impute all the blame to the enemy governments.

For that reason I must be permitted to fix the blame where I see it belongs.

Because it is impossible, and will remain impossible, to forget that it was not the other nations that declared war upon us, but we who declared war upon them; that it was not Belgium which fell upon us, but we who fell upon Belgium. This clinching fact will not be overlooked by any one earnestly seeking the truth.

So how could I, just at the very moment when Prussian Cæsarism was carrying out its long premeditated attack, go over to the side of that infamous system which oppresses all true liberty, all human progress (in the higher sense); which has turned the world into a madhouse, where one nation always sees itself persecuted and threatened and hemmed in by the other nations; which has made an

arsenal of Germany and the whole of Europe? How could I go over to the side of such a system when I had always yearned out of the depths of my heart for an end to this barbarism, for the liberation of my people from this degrading Cæsarism, for its rise to the ranks of the free nations of the world?

No, there is no other position to take in this decisive conflict between arbitrary despotism and the people's right to self-determination, between the police club, oppression, force and injustice, on the one side, and liberty, justice and humanity on the other side.

Now, when Prussianism is making ready to impose its yoke upon other, free nations, and militarism, that ulcer on mankind's body, has broken open and is threatening to destroy all life with its foul corruption, there is no other position, I say, to take.

No other government in Europe than Prussia, no other government even in our Prussianized Germany, could have got itself to begin such a slaughter of the nations. No other government could have sicked Austria on. This government of a nation of "subjects," of whose dull obedience it was certain, was the only one that dared to discard all responsibility to its own people and to humanity at large. Nowhere but in Berlin could the overture be played to the nocturne

that has been piercing the world's ears for nearly half a decade. There in Berlin stood the leader of the orchestra beating time, the "supreme war-lord."

If he had not wanted the war (he keeps saying he hadn't wanted it), we should not be having war, despite a hundred Servias and Austrias.

The Bavarian people, and even the Bavarian government, have nothing in their being to do with the war. Can you conceive of a declaration of war proceeding from Munich? The civilization of the Bavarian nation, by several centuries older than the Prussian, would have made such a hideous thing impossible. But the Bavarians could not help themselves. They had to submit to the disgrace and serve as accomplices (our lists of losses are eloquent), against their will, of course, but true to obligations undertaken, not by the people who are bleeding to death—that's the tragedy of it—but by others who assumed the obligations for them.

This is a fact not to be altered by any of the winged words of Ludwig III, who, after all, is thinking of his crown, nor by any of the agitating, fire-spitting and distorting of the truth done by the "fatherland" press of Munich.

The Bavarian people know nothing of the blood-

thirstiness of their newspapers. They are an innocent race, ready to live and let live.

The spirit of that big-mouthed "fatherland" boastfulness rampant in their press is essentially foreign to them. It is an importation from Berlin.

And it is distressing to think that perhaps the Bavarians are judged by their press and that the outside world may believe the Bavarians to be quite in accord with this crime against humanity, even happy over it. Nothing could be farther from the truth. But the ten years of activity of a *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* have not been in vain. This newspaper has been able to muddle our people's sound judgment at least to such an extent that they do not venture openly to tear off the mask from the falsifiers of public opinion.

The reader of this book will not find polished diplomatic expressions, but frank, sharp-edged words and "prohibited" ideas. Many people will be astonished at this from a German, and some, outraged.

It actually seems impossible to conceive of a German in any other way than standing stiff and straight, his hands at his trousers' seams, his mouth open, and his eyes turned upward to "the precipitous height on which princes are perched."

If he doesn't do this, but merely says what every

man in every free country has the right to say, his superiors admonish him. "Be quiet. Don't make a noise. Don't you see, you naughty boy, that your papa is busy this very moment thrashing some foreign boys who have been annoying him? Do you want to annoy him, too?"

Yes, the reader will find something in this book very different from what he sees in the "fatherland" press. But whom would it surprise in a time when every day, every hour, the passions are lashed into a storm because militarism must have it so for its bloody business? It is nothing but a natural reaction if at last the opposite is reached and defense becomes the same as attack. And all the more so when one portion of the people arrogates all rights to itself and chokes and stifles everything not in its own spirit. It is a procedure absolutely unworthy of a civilized nation. It has created an atmosphere of embitterment that defies description.

The German people see themselves condemned to helplessness and impotence through a refined system of outrageous slavery. But the very extreme of the tension proves that the limit must soon be reached and that the moment of explosion is not very far off.

II

MOBILIZATION

It was on a Monday. We were going into town early in the morning as on every ordinary work day. But this Monday was very different from its predecessors. We had always returned to work in the happy holiday mood left by a long summer day spent in the open air and sunlight beside the lake, cares left behind, in unrestrained freedom. We had met friends, and passed the time conversing and discussing the thousand innocent occurrences of a safe, peaceful existence.

But this Monday, as I said, it was all so different. The delightful yesterday was forgotten. At the place that we had spent the Sunday, fortunately, the order for mobilization had not been made known till the evening. And then many a one of us had passed the night without sleeping, in heavy thought.

There was a peculiarly oppressive atmosphere hanging over the crowded boat, a most unusual mood; excited, though whispered conversation on all sides. "They began to mobilize yesterday. Now we're in for

it in bloody earnest. Who would ever have dreamt of anything of the sort?''

Was there a single mind that on this Monday could fully grasp the whole tragedy implied in the single word, mobilization?

A friend of mine was going back to town with his son, a student at the university. The lad seemed to be nervous and excited. I could clearly tell he was all upset when I spoke to him. He thought he would be called to arms immediately. Until then he had lived only for his studies.

No person knew just what was coming, just what was going to happen in his own life. There were a number of other young people on the ship, all of them very quiet, as though benumbed. Nobody had eyes for the shimmering lake and the mountains rising majestically in the blue air. The scenery found no admirers that Monday.

In H——— the trains that met the boat left very late. Most of them did not run at all, since another schedule, for which the needs of travelers no longer existed, had been adopted overnight.

At the railway station in Munich there was indescribable confusion, and all sorts of luggage piled mountain high. A puzzle how it had accumulated so quickly. Men shoving and pushing, calling, question-

ing, hunting about. Some soldiers among them, too, already. A disturbed ant-hill is as orderly as a parade compared with that scene in the Munich railway station. Before you got outside you felt sick and dizzy.

The streets were not so changed as one would have supposed from the scenes in the station. Everybody was going about his business, except that here and there you saw small groups studying fresh posters.

"Mobilization," "The Country Declared in a State of Siege," "All Power Transferred to the Military."

It was impossible to grasp all at once the full import of those pregnant words. It came to you only slowly. What did the great black letters mean? Why, apparently, that overnight law and justice had been removed and neither existed any more—simply existed no more.

One stroke of the pen had wiped away without leaving a trace the little bit of respect for human rights that the people had wrested from the despots through years and years of unceasing struggle. One move of a hand had destroyed that for which many a noble soul had given up his life, for which many a martyr had sacrificed his health and happiness behind prison walls.

So now there no longer ruled those authorities whom the people had helped, though in all too modest a degree, to create; not ideal authorities, to be sure, yet the people knew them at least and felt at home with them. They were dead and gone.

The thing that was now to rule the people was militarism, militarism in absolute control. So much was clear from the hard vicious words on the posters. Militarism! No one to be responsible but the man responsible to none, the supreme war-lord.

Enthroned in secret, in inapproachable obscurity, militarism suddenly held absolute sway. It was only by an act of grace that it did not order the people instantly to go down on all fours and eat the dirt of the streets.

It disposed of the human race and human destinies, of everything accomplished by humanity, as a bad child disposes of its toys—to break and ruin and destroy.

From that day on, therefore, there was neither law nor justice but only cruel force, cruel coercion, bloody brutality reduced to a system.

It was too much. It was like a blow in the face. It fairly stunned one. A horrid feeling of unrest and anxiety, of being lost, overpowered me. I was

bent to the ground by a melancholy I had never before felt.

The gentle language of civilization and humanity, the only language dear and familiar to us from childhood, all of a sudden was no longer spoken or understood. This language, which growing intercourse among the nations had spread throughout the world, must at one blow yield to the coarse cries, the harsh commands of the drill ground. The speech that was now to be understood was the speech of undisguised rude brutality.

Who would ever have said to himself seriously that there still was such a language of violence and that we should ever have to listen to it? We had lulled ourselves in the delicious hope that such barbarism was no more to be experienced in the heart of Europe. A delusion!

A strident voice out of the dark, never asking whether the people wanted it or not, gave orders to them to sacrifice their lives, their aspirations, their happiness. The people had no time to reflect. The strident voice simply gave orders, threatening the most awful punishment for disobedience. There was only one alternative, obedience or death. For the country had been *mobilized.*

III

"NOW WE'LL GIVE 'EM A LICKING"

This is one of the most brilliant of the utterances of our "peace" Kaiser. It provides an excellent view into the inner being of this delicate-souled monarch, scarcely equaled by any other of the many "sayings" that he has pronounced in the course of his reign.

What a lofty tone, what poetic beauty, what elegance of diction! And so simple withal, with such a popular ring to it. "*Now* we'll give 'em a licking." This battle-cry of His Majesty William II sounds like a mighty sigh of relief after too long, much, much too long, a period of foolish peace. The "prince of peace" had had to wait longer than he cared to for the "joyous war."

The valiant German hero and professor, Von Calker, took up this battle-cry with profound reverence directly from the mouth of the supreme warlord, so as to shout it forthwith into the German newspaper world, where it produced an immense amount of enthusiasm. And the press for its part did not fail to prove its worthiness to share in its lord's spiritual

flight. It took up the battle-cry exultingly. It was ready to help "give 'em a licking." It immediately adopted the elegant cry as its own, for in a matter of good taste it did not want to lag behind any one, not even behind the Kaiser.

So now he has been giving them a licking for these many years. To be sure he expected to be done with the job in three months. "By the time the leaves fall we'll be back home victorious," he had prophesied.

Alas and alack, his prophetic gift is no better than his taste. The "licking" has not come to an end yet, and the hides of the licked are turning out to be far thicker and more durable than the imperial licker ever had any idea of. Perhaps in the end the others will not only be presenting their backs for a licking, but will also be doing some licking on their own account. That would be awkward and not according to program—but quite comprehensible.

IV

MONARCHY OR DEMOCRACY?

THE apparently inevitable course of political affairs in Europe, culminating suddenly in the outbreak of the war, makes every thinking man question whether a similar development could have taken place had a democracy instead of a monarchy held sway in Germany.

I for my part cannot do the German government the favor to seek the causes of the war in all sorts of mystical or cosmic or even economic grounds, as do so many people, and as must be very agreeable to the government; though what is still more agreeable to the government is not to bother about such matters at all, but simply take it on faith that the enemy attacked us and wanted to crush the German nation.

What is the main tendency innate in the monarchy? Undoubtedly, its first and foremost endeavor is the same as that which governs every living thing, self-preservation; but self-preservation in all circumstances and by all means.

A superficial examination of the way the monarchy

and the people have been living side by side in Germany within recent years might make it appear that the "self-preservation" of the monarchy was a perfectly easy matter, since the German is "monarchic to the very marrow of his bones." In reality it was not so easy. The nature of the Prussian monarchy is such that it is built up on entirely different foundations, economic, legal, and above all cultural, from those which are commensurate with the needs of a modern civilized nation, a nation that has fully emancipated itself from the patriarchal Haroun-al-Raschid sort of rule possible in small countries.

It had long been out of the question for the monarch as the father of his people to acquaint himself with the personal needs of each of his subjects and so look out for their individual welfare. The people, therefore, had to take their affairs into their own hands.

In consequence, rights came to them that the king and lawgiver had formerly arrogated to himself, as a result of which even the German monarchy is a limited one. The people's deputies have deprived the monarch of broad provinces of governmental activity, leaving him only a few without restriction.

Unfortunately, however, these few are the most important and decisive, as the negotiations immedi-

ately preceding the declaration of war show. The Kaiser has unlimited dictatorship over the entire military power of the state and also the unlimited direction of the foreign policy; which means that he has sole control over the relations of the entire German nation with all other nations.

This is typical of the position arrogated to itself by the Prussian monarchy in the German state, and is in striking contrast with the situation in all the other great civilized nations.

The monarchy may regulate the relations of the German nation with neighboring nations entirely according to its own sweet will. Nobody has the right to say a word. And it is so plain to the view that the monarchy will attend to the business of foreign relations with primary regard for its own self-preservation and with only secondary regard for the people's welfare that no proof is necessary. To be concerned with one's own self-preservation is merely human. Besides, even we Germans have ministers who are responsible to the people, oh, yes, we have—but don't let's speak about it.

At present the monarchy is above everything else "national," the very highest expression, the focus of nationalism.

In the present status of civilization monarchism and

internationalism are mutually exclusive. Monarchism has the most urgent interest to-day in its own nation's believing that all the other, especially, of course, the democratic nations are its natural and jealous enemies. The more the monarchical nation hates and despises the democracies, the better for autocracy. Because autocracy has learned from history that internationalistic monarchies have proved to possess little lasting quality. Besides, internationalistic monarchies are impossible now, since no autocrat would like to be below another autocrat, but the highest of autocrats, and each doubtless thinks himself best fitted to be the highest.

So, for the sake of the autocrat's mere security, the people must be kept as remote from internationalism as possible. If their fellow-creatures speak a different language, they must in no circumstances look upon them as brothers, but as enemies.

Everything in Germany is pressed into service for this one purpose, the school, the newspapers, and all institutions that are in any way suitable. Later times mayhap will reveal the full extent to which this influencing of the people's minds is carried on. We cannot tell now because those who are in the commission of the monarchy and derive profit from it pursue

this business with a cunning and a perverse refinement that are not easy to conceive.

These ardent endeavors in the interest of the monarchy find support in a peculiarly servile trait in the German character. A German is impressed by arrogance provided it is sufficiently brazen.

A German would rather obey than think for himself and shoulder responsibility.

It was this blind faith in authority that made it possible for the German nation to be caught up suddenly in a war of which it had not dreamed a week before.

The king of Bulgaria would not dare to put upon his half-civilized people what the Kaiser puts upon us. The Bulgarian government had to work over its people with dozens of manifestoes before they could be got to enter the war and sacrifice themselves for their dynasty, that is, for Ferdinand, who believed he could best secure his throne by joining with the Central Powers and Turkey. Whether or not he speculated correctly, time will show.

Germany of all the countries of the world is still blessed with such an abundance of kings, princes and grand-dukes that we could easily supply the rest of the world without feeling the loss. And each of

these rulers by "divine right" is filled with the ambition to prove his indispensability.

Then why wonder if their leader in particular wanted to make his power felt in every place in the world where something was going on and if he tried to pursue a policy of guardianship over other nations? However, his actual ability in this direction was very moderate, and so nothing came of it all except a constant pestering and threatening of the world.

Thus it is in the special department of the Prussian monarchy, that is, the foreign policy, that the whole ominous wrong of the absolutistic system came out—the wrong of a single man, responsible to no one, having absolute control of a prodigious apparatus ready, when he touches the button, to let loose death and destruction upon the whole world; a man by birth and education removed an infinite distance from the cares and needs of his people and without the least comprehension for them, inspired by the one desire to maintain his house and uphold its glory for all time.

Oh, the many things that venal satellites found to praise in the monarchy! The monarchy alone guaranteed the nation's steady development; the mon-

archy alone was the cause of the country's "tremendous economic advance."

And, by way of contrast, the awful conditions prevailing in democratic lands were held up to the Germans—their political corruption and their economic decline, or economic stagnation, at least.

There was no need to adduce proofs. It sufficed to repeat these things often enough. The German public was already convinced. No one thought anything but that our neighbors were going downhill. And not even this war will give the Germans a much better insight into the true state of affairs, although it very well could do so.

As a matter of fact, economic progress is not confined to one country, but is common to all and proportionate to the degree of civilization in each. And as for the economic development of Germany, I maintain that it has taken place not *on account of* but *in spite of* the monarchical form of government.

What could we Germans not have achieved had all the brains that were obliged to devise instruments of murder and destruction in the service of the monarchy been able to devote their strength and inventiveness to useful instruments for the improvement of human conditions? The blessings that might have accrued are incalculable.

Whole classes of the population in Germany, like the government officials, are completely in the thrall of the monarchy, which is falsely represented to them as the means of their livelihood.

They all want to be "königlich"* and never bethink themselves that what makes it possible for them to draw salaries from the government are the taxes that the people pay. The people, therefore, not the government, are really their employer. And to keep them anchored fast to the monarchy they are told that they would not find positions in a democracy, as though there were no government employees in the United States, or France, or Switzerland. But enough ignoramuses are found to believe this nonsense. It would be a sad thing for officialdom if it were as superfluous as the monarchy. I wonder if we shall be able to get along without government employees as soon as the king has disappeared.

Of course, there will be some officials that we shall then be able to dispense with—the haughty bureaucrats, for one thing, who think the people cannot walk without their holding on to the leading-strings and who lay down a hundred thousand rules for the way in which, according to their whim, the life of each "subordinate" has to be molded. These petty,

* Loyal to the Kaiser.

mean-spirited bureaucrats, these agents of autocracy, will certainly disappear. Of that we may be sure.

The German people must be set free from this unworthy guardianship as much as from monarchism itself, and it is to be hoped that before the war is over they will have swept the moldy bureaucracy away like everything else that is rotten and antiquated and a disgrace to a civilized nation.

And if, actually, the great German nation cannot succeed in making itself master in its own house, it will find brothers and friends to help. Yes, it already has found them.

The government tries to make our flesh creep holding our brothers and friends up to us as our enemies and destroyers. They are not. On the contrary, they want to help us drive out once for all that bloody horror, autocracy. They want to hold out their hands to us as friends—across all the ruin and desolation wrought by the cold-hearted egoism of the monarchs attempting to save their own rotten existence.

Our western brothers are not fighting against us, the misguided German people, but against those who are enslaving and oppressing us and who, as though that were not enough, are also trying to enslave and oppress other nations.

Not until all force will have been removed and end-

less rules and regulations and prohibitions will no longer cramp us at every step, will we attain to the height of our possibilities. The nations of the world will wrestle for the palm in open, honorable contest, not as sullen, treacherous enemies.

But the one and only thing that can help us in this ascent, from which the evil spirit of autocracy has so long held us back, will be the dominion of the free people, a democracy born in this horrible night of blood and death and tears. And freedom is now being born, as truly as there is eternal justice.

Who can still doubt that the war would have been impossible had a democracy instead of a monarchy ruled in Germany in 1914?

I for one think it would have been impossible, and I am convinced the weapons will be wrested for ever out of the hands of the guilty. For such a catastrophe must be the last in the history of civilized humanity.

V.

GERMAN BARBARIANS?

YES, that's what we are, German barbarians. Yet there seems to be a little bit of pity mingled with the repugnance expressed in this epithet which is bestowed upon us by the democratic nations.

We have often read about deeds of the "German barbarians," and there unmistakably was a tone of painful disillusionment underlying the accounts. People had thought the countrymen of a Kant, a Beethoven, or a Wagner were no longer barbarians. They now discovered their own mistake. They found that the Germans actually are barbarians.

One clearly perceives the pain and regret felt by free men that their brothers in the east should be so inconceivably blind as to take them for enemies and attack them, instead of realizing who their enemies actually are.

And the poor German barbarian even goes and lays down his life for his real enemies, who are also the enemies of all civilization and culture.

Or am I wrong? Was it not an act of barbarism,

incredible barbarism, to obey the behests of a madman and knock European civilization into ruins and suddenly attack peaceful nations with whom the German nation had no quarrel? Who but a barbarian could carry out such orders, *who but a barbarian would be so unconscious of the atrocity of his conduct,* who but a barbarian would not stop to ask whether the thing he was told to do was right or wrong, but would stupidly obey when he is bidden to murder and to destroy what it has taken a thousand years of civilization to build up? That is what barbarians do, barbarians and none else. So we are "German barbarians."

A thousand "fatherland" pens are busily at work trying to twist and muddle the true meaning of the indictment against us. They want to shunt the question on to another track so as to be able to use it as a means for inciting us against the enemy. It is only for that purpose, only to incite us, that they give the epithet "German barbarians" a meaning it does not possess, a meaning that enables them, as German patriots full of moral indignation, to prove that we are *not* barbarians. How touchingly they tell of a German soldier who gives a child bread instead of eating the child up, as the enemies charge our soldiers do, or of how a German soldier takes a child on his arm

and shows it a picture of his own children; of how our "field-greys" play music in the trenches or sit in the theaters after having brushed the dirt of the trenches out of their clothes.

These patriots do not see that it is barbarism and nothing else for mere matters-of-course to be cited triumphantly a thousand times as proof that we are not barbarians but know what civilization is.

None of our enemies, no rational men, in fact, make any such accusations against us, and there is certainly a good bit of barbarism in every penny-a-liner who tries to refute an unmade charge by such commonplaces and trivialities. Either one of two things is true of him. Either he wants in a barbarous way to incite the nations against each other still more than they are, and shrinks from no perversion of the truth; or he actually lacks comprehension of the true meaning of the indictment.

But the man who with open eyes followed the events preceding the war can never be blinded to the fact that the signal for the unheard-of barbarism of this war was given by a government that calls itself a German government, even if in actuality it is a Prussian government. And nothing can ever make one forget that the vast majority of the German people

did not resist the insanity, the barbarism of their government.

If ever there was a nation whose duty it was to stay the hand of an irresponsible dictator, it was the German nation, the nation that gave the world a Dürer and a Holbein, the nation that blessed humanity with immortal works of sculpture. But the Germans did not hold the dictator back. They share in the guilt of his barbarism. We Germans *are* barbarians.

VI

HERR HELFFERICH

He's the crier standing outside the theater at the fair announcing the show inside. He's the clown with the big drum. Both in one.

Walk in, ladies and gentlemen! Just walk in. The greatest financial transaction in the world going on inside! Can't be beat! Walk in!

Anybody with money, sign up. Anybody without money, certainly sign up. Every German may and should and must take part, even the poorest. So that when the great crash comes each one will have his war souvenir to remind him of how dear his fatherland has become to him.

Herr Helfferich's talking apparatus is as phenomenal as his financial transactions. He is fully equal to the "great time" we are living in, and he stands out prominently from among his Prussian colleagues, even though most of them are by no means tongue-tied. That is why his beneficent activity is not confined to "touching" the public. He comes in handy

for all sorts of jobs. The helpful* Helfferich must help everywhere.

If a minister has driven his car so hard in the Prussian Landtag or Reichstag that it sticks in the mud and can't go forward or backward, then they hurry up and go fetch Herr Helfferich, and he comes panting, this best and strongest draught horse of the Prussian government does, and pulls the car out of the mud again, and so adroitly that not only the whole world but also His Majesty must behold and laud his achievement.

No matter what the question in hand, whether rations, or franking the mail for the German princes and rulers and their wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, aunts, nieces and seamstresses, or the internal policy of the country, or the U-boat warfare, or the regulations about potash, he can instantly step in, without requiring any technical knowledge of the subject and set everything straight, because all that is ever required is simply to give those disturbers of the peace, the Social Democrats, a good whack on the jaw.

In every case he needs nothing more than his arrogance and superciliousness and—glib tongue. He makes a speech where another man couldn't say

* A play upon his name. *Helfer* means a helper.

"Boo," and it's lucky for him that the Prussian government considers it correct form for every trace of an idea to be strictly avoided in even the lengthiest speeches.

Hence the great and well-deserved applause with which Herr Helfferich's appearances in the Reichstag are greeted by all friends of the fatherland.

(Ever since the earliest attempts of William II, the great orator, the German people know what they owe their intellectual heroes.)

Herr Helfferich is no less at home—why, he is even more at home—in the financial affairs of the enemy countries than he is in German financial affairs.

What accurate knowledge he displays, for instance, of English finances! Remarkable! Just as if the British chancellor of the exchequer had whispered all his secrets in his ear a half-hour before.

He knows the English are very badly off, *very* badly off. Who else should know it but Herr Helfferich? The English exchange has sunk to a level, only exceeded—though, to be sure, by a considerable degree—by the—German exchange! The state of affairs in England is wretched.

The only thing that could save the English—if they are still to be saved at all—would be a Herr Helfferich. Of course, with their peculiar insular

shrewdness, they realized this long ago, and from this realization it was only a step to a truly diabolic scheme, an act of force such as would cap all their deeds of violence in this war.

For several weeks there has already been a secret English commission in Romanshorn in Switzerland, consisting of various tried and resolute robber chieftains and other financial leaders of the island empire, and also Sherlock Holmes, all disguised as innocent fishermen. They are simply waiting for a favorable wind to set sail across Lake Constance.

Their sealed orders read to sneak through to Berlin and lay hold of Herr Helfferich bodily, dead or alive, preferably alive, and deliver him to the chancellor of the exchequer in London. The British want to learn the truth about their finances from him, and if possible secure his services by offering him a dazzling sum. Fancy! The services of the greatest financier in the world! Such a truly diabolic scheme could only have been conceived because Herr Helfferich's fondness for changing positions is well known even in England, and—well, who can tell?

Once in possession of this great financier, England would win the war, which otherwise is already lost.

As has been remarked, the English being practical people, were quick to perceive that Herr Helfferich

understood their finances better than they did themselves. Besides, they had become convinced that in the whole United Kingdom no man had presented himself who was endowed with such well-developed organs and faculties of speech as Herr Helfferich; which, assuredly, is a serious drawback in the war.

But if this diabolic scheme of England's fails, a far blacker scheme even than the starving out of Germany, why then England's fate is sealed. Hurrah!

The other enemies, of course, are not nearly so well worth Herr Helfferich's talking about. At the very outset of the war France had not a thing, no money, no men. She probably won't be able to negotiate her next loan, because neither Liechtenstein nor San Marino* can be got out of their neutrality. So that if the loan can't be put across in Austria, which is wading knee-deep in money—put across in the same sneaky way that England employed in order to snatch a decent chancellor of exchequer from Berlin—then all's over with France.

And Italy?

Why, Italy since the occupation of Rome in 1870 has scarcely seen a scudo, and everybody knows that the reason it cannot hold out against Austria is that

* Tiny independent countries in Europe.

it has no money to make shells and so has to shoot hot chestnuts.

So that is the state our enemies are in. Herr Helfferich says so and he knows.

And our enemies have no Helfferich to help them, while we have.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

VII

HUNGER

Russian prisoners were being led out of Puchheim to work early in the morning. They were surrounded on all sides by soldiers of the landsturm carrying loaded guns.

On the way a poor devil found a piece of carrot and picked it up and tried to wipe it off quickly on his clothes, so as to eat it. He was hungry.

A landsturm soldier caught sight of him doing this awful thing and knocked the piece of carrot out of his hand and even abused him and called him greedy. "They always want to be eating, nothing but eating, all day long." The Russian quickly stooped down and picked the piece of carrot up again. It was no cleaner from having fallen on the ground. Seeing the soldier was about to knock it out of his hand a second time, he hastily stuck it in his mouth, dirt and all.

The hungry Russian was punished for disobeying the orders of his superior.

He was guilty of a crime, the crime of simply

wanting to stick something in his mouth. But that is forbidden now in Prussia-Germany.

This insignificant incident would scarcely be worth the notice if it were not proof of an uncommonly petty, heartless sentiment now general in our country. Just imagine—begrudging a hungry fellow-man a dirty bit of carrot for no apparent reason beyond the desire to add to the sufferings of his captivity. The epithet "barbarous" does not properly characterize such conduct. As a rule barbarians and savages are kindly creatures.

Is the whole German nation to be judged by this example? The poor devil of a Russian will be inclined to do so. Have simple humanity, kind-heartedness and pity ever actually been characteristics of ours? Has the German ever been "noble, helpful and good," or has he not? If he has, then have these beautiful human traits been lost to us, have they been stolen from us? Yes, I fear me, they really have been stolen from us. Assuredly we used to be just as kind-hearted and compassionate as other people, and would never have approved of such treatment of a vanquished enemy. We should have been incapable of such a thing. But now we are capable of it.

We have so accustomed ourselves to the brutal ideas of Prussian militarism *that we look upon all noble,*

humane feeling as ridiculous, contemptible weakness.

All we know now are enemies, enemies everywhere, who, we are told, want to crush us. And so we must try to injure them in every way we can.

We have nothing but enemies and shall have nothing but enemies. Militarism wants it so. Therefore, our hearts have been hardened, and our eyes see evil, and militarism, the enemy of man, has taught us to look upon all the nations as our enemies.

The landsturm soldier only did his duty according to the instructions of militarism. He had his orders under severe penalty.

Others who act just as inhumanely as the landsturm soldier are also doing nothing but their duty. The judge who sentenced a girl to prison for smiling at prisoners of war did nothing but his duty. Likewise, another judge who had a woman put in prison for throwing cigarettes to captives. It is the hard, evil force of militarism that has made these people think the way they do. It has bid them hate and has uprooted every other feeling in their hearts.

VIII

ORGANIZATION *

I CAN'T help it, it makes me sick, nauseatingly sick, every time I hear or read this word. And yet I'm not sure of not hearing it at any hour of the day or night. If things keep on the same way, I foresee the worst consequences.

You feel as though you were in a chicken-yard, and every time a hen is about to lay an egg, and then after she has laid it, she cackles and cackles till your ears ache. She must let the world know how well satisfied she is with her great achievement.

It is the cackling that seems to be the essential, the kernel of the Prussian organization. Shout, shout! Let the people know all that the organizers are doing for their welfare. The word organization must always be in the people's eyes and on their lips, for nothing else, probably, than as a means of appeasing their hunger through the suggestion that the utmost is being done for them. The thing that is far more vital

* The word used in Germany for what is called the "food administration" in the United States.

than publicity, that is, the actual provisioning of the people, falls into the background. Why, of what interest can it be to a man whether within the next weeks or months he's going to have enough to eat, provided he has the satisfying feeling that the organizers are plying their job indefatigably.

Unfortunately, however, it seems that for all its publicity, the Germans do not yet appreciate the Prussian organization as they should, and so the "fatherland" newspapers have to keep pounding into the public how much the Prussian organization is admired all over the world, by everybody from the Samoans to the Zulus and the Patagonians. According to these papers, our organization is so great an object of envy that, just to cite one example, the Chinese have already turned yellow with annoyance because they have no such organization.

As a matter of fact, our organization is one of the greatest absurdities of Prussia at war. And on careful observation, the thing that is heralded with a blare of trumpets as one of the most glorious fruits of Prussian ingenuity, turns out to be nothing more than a wretched compromise between the unscrupulous covetousness of the Prussian agrarians, who want to exploit this opportunity, and the rulers' doddering fear of the wrath of the starving masses. This high-

est emanation of our statesmanship, as it is set before us for our admiration, is simply a measure dictated by dire necessity to delay the great crash a little longer yet.

We may be sure it is not to fatherly concern for our welfare that we owe the organization, but to the fear that need and hunger, if nothing else, may open the people's eyes.

Anybody who really looks can see that all the famous organization does is—*perhaps;* I am not quite sure—save the people from actual death by starvation. This and nothing more.

The living conditions as regulated for us by the organization are such as no nation in the world would stand for. Insufficient bread, not enough potatoes, and scarcely any meat. Thousands of us for the longest time now have not even tasted butter and eggs. The same is true of many other foodstuffs. We cannot get the things we need most, and often I simply cannot conceive how I and other people manage to exist. Perhaps the thing that keeps us up is the consciousness that we have our glorious organization. Really, one is inclined to believe this.

When I think what we are *with* "organization," I am curious to know what we should be like *without* organization.

None of our enemies, as we read often enough in our papers, has an organization. And yet, we well know, they have nothing approaching our difficulties to cope with. They have the same things to eat and wear as in peace time, and in abundance, too. The whole difference is that they have to pay higher prices for some articles, which results from the war's having drawn away labor to a large extent from the production of necessities in those countries, too. At any rate, none of our enemies is nearly so badly off as we are, and one is almost inclined to wish that we had as little organization as they, so that perhaps we might be a little better off.

That the organization is a Prussian institution may be observed from the one fact alone that no doubts about it are allowed. You simply must believe in it as in the Gospels. Nevertheless, there are a few unbelievers, and here and there you hear low mutterings of "Prussian fraud," and "a lot of noise." But only a *few* unbelievers. Most of us are so Prussianized that we have utter faith in it.

However, there is a Prussian organization that is not a fraud, and that, unlike the food administration, is not a child of pale fear. Nor was it called into being only at the outbreak of the war. It has been ready and equipped for years. And until now it has

never failed, but has always kept its promises. For it springs from the innermost instincts of Prussianism. It is triumphing now. The organization of brute force and bloody oppression. The organization of mass murder and destruction. It has long been crouching ready to leap like a tiger.

That is *the* organization, the genuine Prussian organization. But this one does not go in for publicity. It does not need to. It prefers to remain in the dark.

The other one, however, the one with all the cackling and shouting, is nothing but fraud and idle bluster.

IX

THE LUSITANIA

THE Lusitania! It resounds in the world like a cry of anguish and horror.

Premeditated massacre, carried out in cold blood. The murder of peaceable, unsuspecting men and women.

What a brutal, bloodthirsty frame of mind a man must be in to perform such a deed! Words and comparisons fail one. The thing is simply inconceivable because it runs counter to every instinct of the civilized human being.

The captain of the U-boat that sank the Lusitania is nothing less than a common thug. He's no soldier. He's an assassin who leaps out of the dark to stab his innocent victim.

In times of peace how horrorstruck we used to be if only *one* perfidious brute, lying in wait for only *one* person, destroyed only *one* human life. Here the very same thing was done to 1,400 human beings, to women and children.

Can one picture to one's self the whole frightfulness of the deed?

Husbands, wives, mothers, seeing their dearest dying before their very eyes, beholding their own death upon them, an awful death by drowning; all because a vile murderer willed it so.

We should never have dreamed that any such thing was possible in a civilized country. Yet there are enough among us Germans who have the courage to justify this cowardly killing of defenseless people.

We are at war, they say, and it was done from necessity.

Yes, the necessity of a murderer. Cold, undisguised murder. Where's the murderer who has not found justification for his crime?

Others say that the U-boat captain was obliged to carry out the orders of his government. Very well. But that does not exculpate him. It simply means he had accomplices.

Those who hired the assassin are as guilty as the assassin himself. Mankind turns from such infamous creatures in disgust.

They are worthy of one another, are the murderer and those who gave him his horrible orders, William II and his servants.

X

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR

THE question of the cause of the war is indeed an important one in view of the prodigious sacrifices of human life, of well-being, and of cultural values that this horrible massacre of the nations is demanding.

So it is very natural that each government would repel the suspicion of having given occasion for the war, or of being guilty of its outbreak. Nor is any government satisfied with a merely negative attitude. It takes positive steps to prove most convincingly that all the blame attaches to the enemy governments, while, for its part, it was forced into defense so as to save the country and the people from the destruction plotted by the enemy.

The only documents in this matter to which we Germans have access that are complete and genuine are the manifestoes issued by our government in the course of the war. Of the manifestoes of the other governments all we know are the fragments that our authorities deem advisable to publish here.

The German government uses every opportunity

that presents itself to ascribe the exclusive blame to England. It does so with ever greater ardor as the suffering that the war causes the German people grows more terrible. Again and again we are told, "England and England alone is to blame. England wanted to crush Germany and united half the world against her for that purpose."

But this is in curious contrast to the fact that the immediate cause of the war was Austria's quarrel with Servia, while the declarations of war against Russia and France proceeded from Berlin, as well as the march into Belgium. These are indisputable facts known to everybody, and it is hard to see what England's part is and just why England must bear sole blame for the war.

Naturally a statement so oft repeated, which is in contradiction to the actual happenings at the outbreak of the war, will eventually arouse distrust in every man who tries to preserve his independence of judgment and has not determined from the start to give up all opinions of his own and accept without reservation whatever the government wishes him to accept.

The instant that Germany decided to throw down the glove to Russia and France, Austria and Servia stepped completely into the background. And every

man who knows his European history also knows that Germany's invasion of Belgium was tantamount to a declaration of war against England as one of the guaranty powers for Belgian neutrality in any European war. Thus, England was drawn into the conflict, and the genuine character of the war was instantly revealed—as a duel between England and Germany with seconds on each side.

The opposition between the two states, which had never come out clearly before, now of a sudden was quite manifest, in all the sharpness of its outlines.

People compare the collision between the two states to the explosion of mighty bombs thrown at each other by the hands of Titans; and from the tremendous force of the impact they deduce that the opposition not only was exceedingly strong but also of very ancient date.

That is not so. Between England and Germany there were none of the causes for friction of long standing such as, chief of all, a boundary line in common; that source of old grudges lasting for centuries sometimes, as between Germany and Austria and Germany and France.

The opposition between Germany and England is recent, going no farther back, in the main, than the reign of William II. To the careful observer it re-

veals an evolution something like the following. From the many public speeches and addresses delivered by William II since his accession to the throne, the English government eventually and of necessity derived the impression that the Kaiser, in addition to his army, the largest the world had ever seen, was eager to build up a navy too, which would rival and, if possible, excel the English navy. "Our future lies on the water."

Naturally a result of the Kaiser's speeches and allusions was to produce a feeling of uneasiness in England. But certainly what must have contributed even more to the English government's disquiet than the Kaiser's public utterances were the things he said to so-called "friends," to whom the high gentleman expressed himself concerning the aims of his policy with a lack of reserve prompted by anything in the world rather than statesmanlike wisdom or diplomatic skill.

The best example is the notorious interview between William II and an English nobleman. It aroused such a stir, not only in England, but still more so in Germany, that the chancellor, Bülow, had to say some very emphatic things to the Kaiser and extract a promise from him to be more cautious in the future.

In the meanwhile the English followed the Kaiser's speeches and doings with growing distrust and uneasi-

ness. They knew, of course, that Germany's fate depended upon his personal rule, and German diplomacy as a factor in the determination of the situation was not to be reckoned with, was a cipher, in fact, and the German people at large certainly had no influence. So if it pleased the highest war-lord, war could be brought about overnight.

Even if Germany's prodigious land force might have been regarded as an instrument in the Kaiser's hands for threatening France and Russia, the sea force, which was being so rapidly strengthened, was aimed undoubtedly against none but England. Against whom else could it reasonably have been used?

Now, to England free and unhampered traffic of the seas is a question of genuinely vital importance. The people living on the British Isles depend upon the undisturbed and undisturbable supply of necessities from overseas. Consequently the domination of the water is simply a question of to be or not to be to Great Britain. It is of far less significance to Germany, purely a matter of prestige as a matter of fact. For nobody in Germany need starve on that account. This the war has shown clearly.

Moreover England has India and her other colonies to protect, or, at least, has her connections with them

to maintain, and the fate of India or of any other of the older colonies means far more to England than the fate, let us say, of Southwest Africa or the Kamerun to Germany.

No wonder, then, that the speeded increase of the German navy, for which there seemed no necessity based on evident, factual conditions, should only fan the uneasiness and distrust of the English government and turn into certainty the view gaining ground among widening circles of the English people, that all these efforts on Germany's part were directed toward the annihilation of the British realm.

And the German press, for its part, left nothing undone to make the fears of the English appear well founded and to produce in the people of Great Britain the feeling that the German knife was already at their throats. The notorious pensioned generals like Bernhardi all blew the same horn.

Of course there was a set of people in England to whom this state of dread and panic was very welcome and who tried their utmost to exploit it to their advantage. The armament industry, in which vast capital is engaged in England as well as elsewhere, made use of this condition of affairs, with the help of a complaisant nationalist press, in part dependent upon the armament capitalists, to whip up passions into

white heat. But these honorable gentlemen were not concerned so much with war itself as with the coining of fresh millions through increased appropriations for armaments. And the English people, under the lash of the fear thus created in them and magnified a thousandfold, sanctioned whatever was asked of them for new and ever more extravagant preparations to meet the expected attack.

The next thing that had to be done was to make sure that the naval armament panic in England was properly exploited in Germany. The same state of mind had to be created here, too. The English preparations had to be held up as a danger signal to the Germans so as to force them into greater speed in the strengthening of the army and navy.

The mania for armaments became intolerable.

Finally the English government realized that affairs could not go on that way any longer and that such a competitive race for armaments, if carried on for a length of time, would inevitably result in serious injury to the nations. So it made an attempt to bring about an agreement with the German government by which the naval preparations of both countries were to be restricted. Whatever other endeavors the English government may have made can only be surmised,

though the repeated visits to Berlin of the sympathetic Lord Haldane provided a few sign-posts.

As is generally known, the attempts of the English government as well as the peace congresses held at The Hague came to naught. Of who was to blame there can be no doubt.

In the meanwhile the negotiations long carried on between the English government and France and Russia went so far that an understanding was reached at least with these countries concerning various questions the amicable solution of which had formerly seemed hopeless.

Edward VII and his ministers had gone to work with great patience and perseverance to remove sources of friction and bury old grudges.

This policy, which England pursued from its "splendid isolation," was imposed upon Edward VII through fear of a sudden German attack and the wish to be ready for any emergency that might arise from that quarter. It was a policy of reinsurance, purely defensive in its nature. And not to recognize that it was defensive, but to ascribe to it motives of aggression against Germany, implies a considerable amount of nationalist prejudice.

This is all that the so-called "encircling" policy connected with the name of Edward VII amounted to.

It is always set down as peculiarly hostile to Germany.

As a matter of fact, Edward VII and his ministers would have been just as glad to reach an agreement with Germany as with Russia or France.

Yet William II's awkward and ill-considered speeches made Germany stand there like a cur showing its teeth ready to jump at England's legs. And the "fatherland" press did its share toward inciting the two brother nations against each other.

The thing that is always given as the cause of the "encircling" policy is England's envy of Germany's commercial development. This is so absurd and so easily disproved that it scarcely requires refutation.

Germany's tremendous development is a fact. But Germany is not the only country that has developed. The other nations have been progressing, too. How about the United States? Why should England select Germany in particular as the mark of her envy? Why should she not be envious of the other countries, too? Is there any rational basis whatsoever for the assumption that England is envious? The statistics that show how Germany's trade figures keep getting closer and closer to England's are misleading. The figures given always refer to the mother country alone. Figures

for the colonies are almost invariably disregarded. If statistics could be obtained of the trade of the whole British Empire and these compared with the statistics of Germany's trade, everybody would instantly see that it is not England that needs to be envious.

Thus, an unbiased consideration of the facts thoroughly disproves the assertion of the Berlin government that England was to blame for the war because of her envy of, and ill-will to, Germany's commercial development. On the contrary, the assertion turns out to be a base deception of the German people, inspired by the desire to appear guiltless of the war in their eyes.

But the war, we know, is not being carried on with England alone. A number of other countries besides are involved. So, in fixing the blame for the war, it is necessary to consider Germany's relations with these countries, too.

As for France, it is not to be denied that her people have not yet completely forgotten the extreme humiliation of 1870. For France was not a state to be looked down upon at that time. She stood at a high degree of cultural development, and all her provinces were closely knit together by historical ties and common traditions of liberty.

It has now become clear what Bismarck's forcible

measure really was—a mistake, a very serious mistake, which has robbed the whole of mankind of forty-four years of peace and quiet.

The pain produced by the amputation of two provinces, which were intimate, vital parts of the French organism, went deeper than we could ever have dreamed. It is not so easy to decide to what state, from a purely political point of view, the two provinces belong, as our Pan-Germans would have us believe. In fact, in their opinion, there are even other parts of France that are Germanic, too, and ought really to be taken away from France now.

At any rate, before 1870, Alsace and Lorraine belonged to France by the very same right that they now belong to Germany. But what is more important than mere political affiliation with this or that state is the fact that the democratically minded people of Alsace-Lorraine did not cease in the forty-four years after 1870 to dream of their past and look upon themselves as members of the democratic French nation, while viewing their annexation to Germany as a merely temporary condition.

They ever awaited with yearning the savior who was to come forth from France and snatch them from the clutches of Prussian despotism. Their ideas and feelings remained French, and they were attached to

the French people by the memory of the wonderful period they had lived through together, when they had helped to enthrone human rights, liberty, equality and fraternity.

Is it conceivable that such sentiments of love and devotion should remain unrequited in France? No, impossible. It was inevitable that the longing to annex Alsace-Lorraine to the French fatherland again should never be quite stilled.

Another factor entered—the apprehension that the two provinces lost in 1870 might not be enough and that Germany might some day come again and take by force the land that it needed for its surplus population.

And recently new occasions for rivalry have arisen as a result of colonial possessions. Indignation, for instance, ran high in France over Germany's stepping into Morocco as disturber of the peace when for years she had in a measure been favoring France's expansion in North Africa, not for love of her fair neighbor, to be sure, but in order to divert the attention of the French from Alsace-Lorraine.

The time came when in Germany it was thought no longer necessary so to divert their attention, and the German government, therefore, turned to colonial mat-

ters which, unfortunately, were taken up in a place where France felt she had inalienable rights.

In this instance, too, the nationalist press in both England and Germany intervened in the service of the armament capitalists to inflame passions and incite France on to ever greater antagonism to Germany. As a result, the armament industry flourished in France also, and this, in turn, did not fail to have its reaction upon the increase of armaments in Germany and to result in an arming contest between the two states.

This was the sole purpose of the French armament interests. In bringing about this rivalry, their real and only object had been achieved. Like the English capitalists, all they cared for was the keeping up of warlike preparations, not actual warfare, which in the end might turn out to be disastrous to them, too. For everybody assumed there would be a brief war, and nobody knew what its consequences might be. Unintermitted arming, however, without war itself undoubtedly was more in accordance with capitalist interests.

At the same time the agitating done by the press did not perturb the sound, peaceable sentiment of the French people to such an extent that they themselves wanted war. This is a positive fact, of which there

can be no doubt. The Germans were asked to believe that the *revanche* of the French was so extreme that some day they would simply come and attack us. Any man with the least little experience in the affairs of the world knows that that is a downright untruth. In spite of a hundred Alsace-Lorraines we Germans could live in perfect security so far as the French are concerned.

And to be strictly just it must be said even of the French government that it kept its skirts as clear as possible of the doings of the armament interests. It confined itself to what it deemed necessary for preserving the country from a sudden attack. Even in the final days before the war it was the French government's sole endeavor to preserve peace. In this it went to the utmost limits possible, even to the humiliation of its own country, withdrawing its troops inland ten kilometers from the boundary line to show clearly that it never intended to attack, and also to remove every pretext for attack by Germany.

Even German officers testify to the complete divestment of the border of French troops. They penetrated far into the country and even occupied French barracks without coming upon a French soldier.

The French government was fully conscious of the

responsibility it bore toward its own people and the whole of humanity.

Russia's attitude to Germany had remained the same, without essential change for years. All that happened was that she began to feel a desire—a desire expressed with heat by some—that at the conclusion of the new commercial treaty she should be accorded somewhat less unfavorable terms than in the previous treaty. The too great dependence of Russia upon the German market was felt to be burdensome and oppressive.

It was at this point that a part of the Russian nationalist press tried to step in so as to stir up passions. However, the attempt met with little success, so little indeed as to be hardly worth mentioning. This is due to the fact that in the large and sparsely populated country of Russia the press does not wield as much influence as in Germany, France and England and has not the importance that it has in those countries. There were Germans all over Russia, and they were still, as before, by no means unwelcome.

It cannot be rightly maintained, therefore, that there was a feeling of irritation against Germany, or that the press was carrying on war propaganda, which is all the more remarkable as Germany's hand in Austria's Balkan policy was clearly recognized.

Austria's intentions with regard to Servia necessarily aroused Russia's interest to the highest pitch, firstly, in Russia's character as acknowledged Slavic protector of the menaced southern sister-state, and, secondly, to guard against every outlet to the Mediterranean being cut off by the action of Austria. This is a matter vitally affecting Russia, since both in trade by land as in trade across the Black Sea it is very largely dependent upon the good will of foreign nations.

So it is obvious that Russia would try to find an outward passage for her products past the territory of her Slavic brothers.

That is why Russia has repeatedly threatened Austria with mobilization. And, each time she did so, she succeeded in achieving her purpose, that is, in restraining Austria from subordinating all Balkan matters to Austria's own interests and the interests of its ally, Germany. Even in the final stages before the war Russia would have gone no further than mere mobilization. How little the Russian government was inclined actually to go to war may be deduced from its attitude throughout the crisis following upon Austria's annexation of Bosnia.

In all the former junctures Russia had invariably mobilized, but never attacked, fearing to assume re-

sponsibility for the world conflagration that would inevitably ensue. She mobilized again in 1914, and this time, too, ostensibly for the purpose of curbing Austria from an act of violence, from going too far with little Servia. But now because it was the successor to the throne that had been murdered, Austria held the highest trump card and was determined to make a clean sweep in the matter of Servia.

According to the Berlin government, it is to Russia's mobilization against Austria, involving, presumably, mobilization also on the German frontier, that we owe the immediate occasion of the war. And Russia's mobilization, the Berlin government says, was done at England's instigation.

This can convince none but such as have lost all power of independent judgment. Any man who does his own thinking will still have left unanswered in his mind many questions regarding the outbreak of the war.

Why did not the German government leave the odium of *declaring* war to the Russian government? Even a man totally ignorant of the conduct of war knows there is a vast difference between the speed with which a German and a Russian mobilization is executed. Germany could quietly have gone ahead mobilizing as much as she pleased, but anything more

than that she *should* have relinquished to the others.

One more point that I must investigate is the attitude of our own government and the motives of those circles which are so close to the government that it is impossible to tell where the jurisdiction of the one begins and that of the other ends. It is actually true that because of the governmental system obtaining mainly in the controlling state, Prussia, it is beyond one's power to distinguish between them.

The people themselves, the great laboring masses, as a factor for or against war, may be left out of account. They wanted the war as little as did the people of the other countries, and they have not the least to do with it. The German nation as a whole is behind no other in genuine love of peace. The nationalist agitating done by the "fatherland" press, added to what may be called a positively criminal system of nationalist education of the young—a constant merry-go-round for Germany's power and greatness—has yet not succeeded in exterminating reason and sense in the German masses, even though it almost seemed so at the outset of the war.

We can determine absolutely who it was in Germany that urged war.

Way and beyond every one else it was Prussian Cæsarism, that power which perceived that its pacific

reputation was gradually turning stale and that modern evolution, brushing past it, was becoming the order of the day. It was facing the doom of simply dropping into oblivion some day, in spite of its oratorical gifts.

So, having nothing more to hope for from peace, it wanted to step into the limelight again by other means, and it believed that as the conqueror, as the "enlarger of the Empire," it would once more shine forth resplendent.

Intimately connected with the Cæsar power are the Junkers. They are the real props of the throne, and their interests are absolutely identical with the interests of the Prussian monarch.

The third factor, large industry and capital in general, played about the same rôle in Germany as in the other belligerent countries, only translated into the Prussian. Their responsibility for the war is on the whole no greater than the responsibility of their colleagues of the Entente.

Among all the states involved in the war, autocracy and Junkerdom are peculiar to the Prussian state, and autocracy and Junkerdom were interested not only in military preparations, like the armament capital, but also in actual war.

It is from war alone that the Junkers derive ad-

vantage. It is only in war time that they really prosper. *And that is why we have war.*

These purveyors of foodstuffs to the enormous armies, these agrarians, whose monumental unscrupulousness and strapping egoism know no bounds, need the war! But that is not stating the whole. Another twig has sprouted from the same root of Junkerdom—the military caste. And the military caste also wanted and needed war. The military caste also was eager to make money and much money. And by far the larger part of the millions required by the war finds its way into the pockets of these noble gentlemen. While the people sink into poverty and utter misery, the Junkers enrich themselves. That is why this war is the war of Prussian Junkerdom, and is scarcely likely to end so long as the Junkers can make money out of it. They had been carrying on their preparations long beforehand, and for years it was in their service that the "fatherland" press had to be hammering into the heads of the people the fiction of a fatherland threatened and sore beset by enemies.

Had Germany not had this feudal caste along with their chieftain, but only the armament capitalists, like the other nations, we should not be having war.

No, we should not. Humanity would have been spared that horror.

When the military caste had completed its preparations and was ready for the war that its literary representatives had long been clamoring for, the war began.

The vile creatures never for a second shrank from bringing down upon Germany and the whole world death and destruction, poverty and destitution. And as for the great "peace Kaiser," he placed himself at the head of his loyal triarians on their predatory expedition. That was self-understood.

He who had contributed so much through his senseless speeches to incite the nations against one another wanted nothing better than that they should chop each other to pieces for his sake, for the greater glory of his dynasty and imperial throne.

And that is the true cause of the war. The last Hohenzollern, the last representative of a decayed monarchy, is fighting for his existence, and along with him the Junkers, whose life and death are linked with his.

He is sacrificing the whole German nation for his own existence. Walls of corpses, streams of blood, oceans of tears are to save him from the ideas of a

new time that laugh to scorn the arrogant assumption of such autocracy.

He and his Junkers wanted to see the whole of Europe at their feet forever. Therefore the war! That, in the last analysis, is the ultimate cause of the war!

XI

THE OPTIMIST

"Long live the Optimist! For he's the Big Dunce."

Of course, the Optimist always has been with us, but the war has made him shoot up to his full development like fruit in a hot-house.

No clouds of envy ever darken the sunlight of German successes in his eyes. No discordant note ever jars upon his daily rejoicings over German victories. The banners are forever flying in his soul.

The victorious German arms daily assure him his gay intoxication, and evenings he won't leave his table at the café until he can take a few fresh German victories home to bed with him and lie upon them softly until the next morning.

It goes without saying that he is a prophet. And what a prophet! When in the first days of the war you discussed its duration with him, it was amazing how he knew the very date of its glorious conclusion.

The war was going to last only a few months, in fact, only a few weeks. "By the time the leaves fall,

we shall be back home again," all our enemies will be down on their knees, begging and whining, and everything we set out to do will have been accomplished. We at home must hurry so that the triumphal arches are sure to be ready against the return of the victors.

Nobody doubted the truth of the Optimist's statement. He proved so minutely how things must come about in this very way and how every other eventuality was utterly excluded, that it would have been a pity to disturb his lovely certainty by petty skepticism.

Our magnificent troops would make short work of the decadent Frenchmen and the English mercenaries, not to mention the corrupt Russians, who were armed with nothing but clubs and had to be driven forward by their own machine-guns.

When the leaves had long been lying on the ground and there was not the least sign of the enemy's defeat or the end of the war, the Optimist forgot all about his prophecy. Of course, he had said nothing of the sort. All he had said was that the war would be over by Christmas.

But that was a sure thing. No doubt of it, the war would be over by Christmas. Hindenburg himself had told him so. The Field Marshal had replied to an enthusiastic postal sent him by the Op-

timist and his boon companions at the café table, promising to have the Russians completely defeated by Christmas and to enter Petrograd—I beg pardon—St. Petersburg.

After Christmas there came no more belated prophecies. The final victory, necessarily, depended upon the strategical and tactical position. How stupid, declared the *Optimist,* were the people who thought they could say definitely beforehand just when the war would end. You see how they "got left" with their foolish prophesyings?

But what you could tell for certain was that once Warsaw was captured, the Russians wouldn't go on and would be begging for a separate peace.

But after the fall of Warsaw the Russians—how odd!—kept on, anyhow. So all the other Polish strongholds had to fall, too, and after the fall of each, the Optimist foretold a separate peace with absolute certainty.

After Poland came Servia and Montenegro, whose Prince Mirko actually gave the Optimist a bit of satisfaction; but unfortunately the prince's papa did not agree, and the peace treaty was revoked.

The east being so unsatisfactory, the Optimist turned to the west. Verdun was to decide the final victory in our favor.

"Once we take Verdun, the French are checkmate. Anyhow, they have nothing but children of ten years and upward at the front. The younger children are in military training."

The Optimist has long forgotten Verdun. Besides, he doesn't care a cent whether we take this or that worthless place, or none at all. We're conquering, and victory was in our hands long ago. But the point is that our enemies, who don't know the first thing about tactics or strategy, haven't the sense to realize that they're beaten to a frazzle.

And what is the Optimist's war aim? *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles, über alles in der Welt.*

We shall dictate peace terms, a *German* peace, to our enemies, who are completely crushed militarily, politically and economically.

In spite of our vast superiority, and our absoutely unqualified victory, we will show how magnanimous we are. We can afford to be magnanimous, we are such kind-hearted creatures. All we will demand will be an indemnity of 150 billions with 2 per cent. rebate for cash, and guaranties in real estate, that is, the whole of Belgium, and a strip of northern France. Not a very broad strip, no broader at the utmost than to Rheims, and extending to the Atlantic coast.

But "the fatherland must be enlarged." Servia,

Montenegro and Albania will bring Germany the so long desired coastland on the Mediterranean. And with that we shall be content, that is, until the next war.

A German Empire from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. We are modest, altogether too modest, because in return for our marvelous victories we ought to have much more territory—the whole of France down to Nice and Monte Carlo, and Great Britain, now thoroughly humiliated. But, as I said, we are too modest, much too gentle and kind-hearted, we dreamy German Michels.

The sweet-souled Optimist and world-conqueror is past the age for military service and he has no close relatives in the trenches. No wonder he is so ready for all the sacrifices of life that the conquest of Germany's world-power may still require.

And he can "hold out," too, because he was careful to have the right ancestors. A "premature" peace would be a serious mistake.

Much he cares for humanity or culture. He cannot see that these things, said to be of so much value to mankind, have been threatened by the war. He can still almost always get his beer.

As for the prosperity of the masses, which some people say has been ruined, why, within three

months after the end of the war it will have recovered to such an extent that every skilled laborer will be able to build his own villa. Because business in the enemy countries needs us so badly and is so anxiously awaiting our goods that buyers are already besieging all the stations at the borders awaiting the conclusion of peace to swarm into Germany like locusts and carry off whatever they can lay their hands on—of course upon cash payment.

But now, supposing things should not turn out the way the Optimist prophesied, do you think he is going to notice it? I think not, because he's an Optimist and—"Long live the Optimist! For he's the Big Dunce!"

XII

NATIONALISM

NATIONALISM, it will scarcely be denied, has become one of the mainsprings of the war.

Only, most of those who admit the truth of this statement do not mean their own nationalism. "We really have none," they say. They always mean the nationalism of other countries.

You really cannot call German nationalism by that name. It isn't nationalism at all. It is sheer patriotism, and altogether justified, even necessary and by no means dangerous patriotism, while the nationalism of other countries is very bad, being in reality chauvinism, and therefore detestable and also highly dangerous.

Nationalism finds its chief mouthpiece in the newspapers and expresses itself in a thousand different yet always intensely disagreeable ways, stirring up race hatred and scolding and insisting that what the nationalist press of another country considers the good and the only right course is the wrong and the very worst course.

Since the large influence wielded by nationalism upon the relations of the various countries is an established fact, it is of no small interest to consider the nature of nationalism. But, by way of change, we'll consider our own nationalism for once. There are plenty of German pens busying themselves with other people's nationalism. Besides, our own nationalism, with great and unnatural modesty, always tries to sail under false colors and work secretly, in the dark. So it will do our nationalism some good to be dragged out into the daylight and given an airing.

Nationalism in Germany is of highly aristocratic lineage and its connections exceedingly respectable. Monarchism and militarism are its parents, bureaucracy, its brother. The members of the family all support one another and confine their doings to a narrow enclosure. The public schools are the halls where honor is done the German princes.

In the schools we learn all the details—only such details, of course, as are fitted for the ears of subjects—concerning the various fathers and mothers of the country. These high and mighty ones shine resplendent, as if illuminated by a Bengal light, and in their honor fireworks are shot off into the air. Most of their deeds border on the divine. Miraculous is their goodness, their wisdom, their nobleness, their

bravery. Not a ruler among them who ever rose later than four o'clock in the morning; and he always kept strictly at his task of ruling without even stopping for lunch, so close to his heart lay the welfare of his subjects. And sometimes even the nights were dedicated to the good of the people.

Next, at a great, yet proper distance, come the achievements of the nation. These by far exceed the achievements of all the other countries taken together. Unfortunately, the democratic nations leave most to be desired. Though no wonder, since the administrations of the democracies are very inferior and are run chiefly by venal lawyers and corrupt politicians.

Mingled with this overestimation of one's own nation and contempt for other nations, is a goodly portion of hatred of peoples speaking a different language.

The "fatherland sentiment" has now been properly implanted in the children's minds. A citizen brought up in this way is capable of anything. He is the dupe of any fraud provided it has "fatherland" trimmings. He is "loyal to the Kaiser to the very marrow of his bones," which indicates a certain softening of the brain.

Really, the "fatherland" press need not work so hard every day influencing the people's minds. It's

only to make assurance doubly sure. Because very few men display the high degree of independent judgment required to rid their minds of the wrong things put into them by their school teachers when they were children. And what's the use of thinking? It gets you nowhere and only gives you a headache. Besides, everything will stay just the way it is all the same.

The government, therefore, has nothing to fear from the serious criticism of its own people. Moreover, the government is so excellent, so infallible, that it doesn't need any criticism. It is only the conduct of the other governments that deserves criticism, and in the case of these it cannot be too sharp, because out of pure maliciousness they behave in a very ugly, unjust way toward the innocent German government.

To harbor a sense of justice or decency toward other nations is a grievous wrong bordering on high treason. Nationalism will have it so in its self-love carried to the point of megalomania. Love of one's own country is synonymous with hatred of all other countries. To be logical, a man who loves his mother ought to hate all other mothers.

The Germans delight in reading a criticism appearing in a foreign newspaper against its own government or its own people. They hunt for such criti-

cism eagerly, and the harsher it is, the truer and better worth notice they take it to be. The ordinary German reads black on white a nation's avowal of its own wickedness, while his "fatherland" papers so pleasantly dangle before his eyes the picture of his own country's preëminence.

This unedifying rôle which the German press has been playing in the world battle of invectives and suspicions that the nations have been honoring one another with, seems to have assumed a sharper and more conspicuous character at the time when German enterprise in trade and industry began to be undertaken on a large scale. To the earlier inspirers of nationalism, monarchism, chief of all, and militarism and autocracy, a fourth was now added, capitalism. It devolved upon capitalism always to keep the war-chest full, and it may be that without capitalism, nationalism might have died of weakness or been killed by the modern internationalistic development. Of course, there has been nationalism in every era and in every country in which the despots felt the need for strengthening their own positions by inciting race hatreds. Only in earlier times the name was different. It was called particularism. The thing has remained the same, except that instead of tribes we now have races.

The identical sort of mad conflict that is now engaging the world once took place within Germany itself, each of whose separate "fatherlands" was fighting the others just as furiously as the nations are fighting in the world-war today. And the "practical" politicians of that time thought it just as utopian a dream to reconcile the many clashing interests and unite all the heads of the various fatherlands into a single confederacy, the German Empire, as many people think it is now to reconcile the antagonistic interests of the nations of the world and form a United States of the World.

Merely to conceive such a thing was demagogy. Why, the existence, the coronet of a few princes was at stake, at least apparently; and that was no joke. It was fairly clear that one or the other of the dozen princes and rulers would get run over. But none of them wanted the accident to occur to him. Each was quite willing to let that fate befall a "friendly brother and cousin." Finally, evolution, in spite of everything, forced the unification of the German states into a confederacy. To all appearances it hasn't done their majesties and highnesses any too much damage. It was the chief principle, at the so-called unification of the German nation, that as little pain as possible should be inflicted upon the dynastic

interests, and even the steam-roller Prussia complied somewhat with this principle in the special interests of its own dynasty.

In all the revolutions from above, the welfare or the interests of the people have had no voice. The German nation at that time was without the suffrage, and still is without it. But slowly, very slowly the page must turn. The German people must see at least that it has to take its fate into its own hands if its object be not to adorn existence for its dynasties, but to make its own life at all tolerable. The world's present bloody struggle is sure to open the people's eyes. If signs do not altogether deceive, this war will seal the fate of the European dynasties and lead to a world federation.

For in the last analysis the cause of the present war is this very same endeavor of the German dynasties to maintain their existence. If ever their fears were justified, they certainly are now. Hence the mighty efforts of a nationalism, as it were, out-shrieking itself, to nail the people fast to monarchism and keep bellowing in their ears that their own interests are at stake, while it is clear as the day that it is only the interests of the dynasties, not his own interests, that our German Michel is defending with his life's blood.

Nationalism could not help but drive the German people into the slaughter of the nations. That was the inevitable, ultimate consequence of its tendency. What it cannot do is pull them up again out of the abyss of blood and corpses into which it has plunged them, if only for the one reason, that it will scarcely survive the end of the war.

To obtain peace the German people will have to throw nationalism overboard, along with those from whom it receives its orders and along with all the mediæval rubbish of dynasties and rulers and everything connected with them.

The monarchs and their attachés can look on without a quiver of pity while millions shed their blood to save the decaying outlived autocracy. They feel their approaching doom and try to resist by every means in their power. A lot is at stake for them, and when there is a lot at stake, tremendous things must be done to save it. They have never lacked the understanding of this principle. The sums of money that the exploiters of the present juncture spend upon the nationalistic press are indeed "tremendous," It costs a good deal to manufacture the right public opinion. But it so happens that the interests of the armament capitalists, of the Prussian agrarians, and of the monarch are identical; and this harmony of in-

terests is of highly gratifying consequence to the "fatherland" press.

Will all these strenuous efforts of the combined interests be able to delay the catastrophe a little while longer, or not? That is the great question. It is difficult to prophesy. But if there is any sense in the things that happen in the world, then the innocent blood that has been shed and the tears that have been wept so needlessly will now turn upon those whose hands are still gory from all the slaughter. They had no right to do this frightful thing. Self-seeking so befogged their minds that they lost all sense of responsibility to their own nation and to the whole of mankind.

So down with them! To hell with the vile wretches! The German nation itself must prepare the fate the monsters deserve. And the nationalism that they invented for the purpose of throwing dust in the people's eyes must in the end serve to *open* the people's eyes and show how nationalism has been misused, hideously misused, beyond all example in the world's history.

XIII

SECRET DIPLOMACY

Now it is celebrating its triumph, the old mole diplomacy is. Its object has been achieved. It has brought about the world conflagration which no rational man had any longer deemed possible.

Altogether in secret, responsible to no one but to him who is responsible to none, the imperial lord and prince of peace, as he—ironically enough—has often dubbed himself, diplomacy has so tangled the threads of international relations that there was no other way left than to use the sword and cut the Gordian knot.

Prussian diplomacy, under the leadership of the supreme amateur diplomat, has turned out its masterpiece; by which I mean not only the war but also its leading the nation by the nose for years without their observing the sanguinary incapacity of their leaders.

Naturally we learn nothing of what the laymen's lack of skill has done toward preparation for the catastrophe in the country. It remains a secret.

But when the cooks had finished their dish and made sure that nothing could be undone, a few wholly superfluous telegrams emanating from His Majesty were read aloud to the people. They made clear to—every idiot the snow-white innocence of Germany's diplomacy and the coal-black guilt of the enemy's diplomacy. Telegrams from the Kaiser himself! What condescension to make them known to the German people! Really, a needless compliment. Telegrams from the Kaiser's valet would have done just as well. The German people would have been just as ready to believe the valet that His Majesty had not wanted the war.

But these monarch telegrams are a wonderfully beautiful supplement to the monarch meetings, the monarch kissings, and the monarch toastings.

How breathlessly the German people looked on to see whether the Kaiser accompanied the Czar to within two or three yards of his yacht, or whether the two monarchs had spent a half-hour or three-quarters of an hour in animated conversation. Trickery, mere trickery!

Secret diplomacy had never before credited the people with any capacity whatsoever for understanding foreign affairs or taking part in them. So what

a remarkable departure now from its general principle! The diplomats now credited the people with the ability to form an opinion in ten minutes, from the mere reading of four or five telegrams, regarding the whole diplomatic situation and regarding the question, *whether or not there should be war.*

Certainly that was the reason for publishing the telegrams, was it not? Otherwise, they might just as well have remained secret, as did all the other documents in the many years previous.

Or, perhaps, the "peace Kaiser" was to be made to appear an even more radiant angel of peace than he had claimed to be? Who knows?

Because really, in a matter involving the life and death of millions, those four telegrams could no longer make any difference one way or the other. It was all the same whether the people knew or did not know their contents. The vote of each individual had to stand regardless of the telegrams, and had to be whatever secret diplomacy wished it to be. Let any man have dared to speak out differently!

In home affairs, in which far less important matters are dealt with, matters that in a greater or lesser degree—usually lesser—affect merely the well-being of the individual, the Reichstag and the press have

ample opportunity to become acquainted with all the pertinent material, and learn each detail so as to be able to adopt the right measures.

Why not the same in foreign affairs? Why is everything kept secret here and left to the good will of the "highest command," which keeps those politicians informed who carry out its policy so that they may create the proper "public opinion"? But on the whole, the "highest command" does not seek its aids according to ability, from among all suitable classes of the people, but according to the number of ancestors and the pliability of the spinal column.

No matter how beastly stupid the gentlemen of long lineage may be, their intellect will do for a secret diplomat. In imperial Germany stupidity, as a matter of fact, seems to be a requirement for the diplomatic profession, to judge by the "successes" of Prussian diplomacy throughout the world.

Not a single one of all the German "diplomats" and "statesmen" was put in his position because of the people's confidence in him. The man "responsible to none" had summoned them, and that settled it.

It is to such a company of irresponsibles and simpletons, then, that the great German nation entrusts its fate, entrusts the decisions that involve the lives of millions.

And still no thunderous cry of "Halt!" has ever been shouted to these incompetents! Verily, my people, you have the government you deserve.

XIV

"I RECOGNIZE NO PARTIES ANY MORE"

How gracious in His Imperial Majesty, how magnanimous! *He* recognizes no parties any more. He recognized them when it suited him to.

When it seemed fitting for him and his "divinely ordained" officials to treat them as men of the second class and plague and worry them, he recognized parties very well.

But now that he needs them for cannon-fodder, for fuel for the prodigious holocaust to which he set fire, *he* recognizes no parties any more. I wonder whether he still would not recognize them if he came out with a whole skin from the conflagration now consuming the world, if he once more succeeded in exercising his beneficent rule as "peace Kaiser."

I should be willing to wager ten to one that he would instantly recognize them again, and very well, too—the stupid Moors who did their duty and now may go.

It will ever remain incomprehensible to non-Germans that the men to whom solely the Kaiser's re-

mark applies were enraptured at his not recognizing them. As though nothing else could be expected of them, they were promptly trapped by the simple promise implied in the sentence. They did not do the one thing they should have done—smile upon the Kaiser coldly and disdainfully and repudiate the profoundly arrogant assumption sounding in every syllable.

"We object," is the reply that might have been expected of them. But nothing of the sort. Of course not. On the contrary, they were as happy as children whose strict father rewards them for good conduct by not whipping them. Alas, it is really true that the party whom the Kaiser no longer recognized behaved, not like men who, when the occasion arises, stand by the principles they have sworn to a thousand times over, but like mere children.

When things became serious and the Social Democrats had a chance to prove that they understood their principles and could be true to their convictions, they instantly forgot everything that had appeared in their organs only two days before and gave credence to the base lie that the fatherland had been attacked.

They who might have earned the thanks of all mankind failed us miserably.

Why should the Social Democratic Fraction have hesitated to excite His Majesty's displeasure? Did the working class elect them to help the supreme war-lord drag the workingmen to the shambles? Were they not, on the contrary, set up as representatives of democracy, as a living negation of the very principle of which the Kaiser is the supreme representative?

They let everything go, all their proud dogmas, all their resolutions and platforms. They became modest. Instead of haughtily repudiating the Kaiser's "recognizing no parties," which was wrung from him by necessity, and so remaining true to themselves, they were quite content not to be recognized any more by their imperial lord.

XV

PRUSSIA'S FOREIGN POLICY

To make clear all the factors that inevitably led up to the world-war, it is necessary to consider those aims of the Prussian foreign policy which are unavowed and yet in a historic study force themselves upon one's notice. Though following a noiseless course, they have long been apparent and are fraught with grave consequences.

Sometimes they were temporarily relegated to the background, but never entirely abandoned, and the underground current was all the stronger the fainter the ripple on the surface.

The long struggle between Austria and Prussia for sovereignty in Germany finally ended with Prussia's triumph and the forcing out of Austria.

The South-German states, after much wavering between Austria and Prussia, went over to Prussia. Even France sided with Prussia, thinking her dynastic interests would thereby be best safeguarded. For in Austria as well as in France, a centralized government had developed farther than in Germany,

where such a development had been hindered by the strengthening of the Prussian state. This was decisive for the South-German dynasties, concerned as they were each with the preservation of its own supremacy.

Thus Austria was cut off from western and northern Europe. And in the south, in Italy, the Piedmontese dynasty exercised an ever-increasing attraction over the small Italian states; which contributed still more to the uncertainty of Austria's position. Gradually she lost all her possessions in the south, too.

Prussia, then, had attained its object for the present, which was to weaken Austria only to such an extent as to shear her of all potentiality for danger. It had no interest in weakening her still further, nor in incurring her permanent enmity. On the contrary, what it needed was an Austria reconciled (with claims in the north and west abandoned), because Prussia now cherished much wider aims.

She had, in fact, assigned the rôle of pacemaker to Austria, which, of course, Austria never suspected, taking for magnanimity what was purely cold-blooded calculation.

Prussia could kill two birds with one stone. A hostile Austria must be regarded as a constant men-

ace to Prussia, if only for the one reason that she might exercise a powerful attraction over the South-German states as soon as she would guarantee them the independence of their dynasties. As it was, the South-Germans felt more drawn to genial Austria than to uncanny Prussia. A rapprochement between Austria and the South-German states would have at least one bad result, if not more, namely, that it would take longer and be harder to Prussianize the South-German states. So some bait had to be held out to Austria that would make her forget the west completely.

Other territories had to be held out to her which would serve to satisfy her desire for expansion and would at the same time be suited to play a rôle in Prussia's calculations for the future.

For this purpose southeastern Europe seemed positively to offer itself. The structure of the states there was loose and incomplete—different from in Italy—and it beckoned on, though still as to a remote goal, to access to the Mediterranean. A compensation in a sense, therefore, for the losses in Italy as well as in the north.

For the Adriatic could too easily be cut off. Austria would ultimately have to own territory bordering directly on the Mediterranean.

The dear Austrians, of course, were delighted by such kindness, and did not fail to put the proper estimate upon the brilliant perspective. Evidently, it never occurred to the Austrians, because they are such dear, innocent people, our dark-skinned brothers are, that Prussia was in secret speculating upon Austria's falling to pieces, and held her for nothing more than a pace-maker in its own race to the Mediterranean, and counted upon acquiring the heritage of the Hapsburgs whenever the time should be ripe.

In the Balkan states, however, the prospects of being swallowed up by Austria naturally aroused alarm. Here, too, there were rulers and dynastic interests, as almost everywhere else in our old Europe. But that did not bother Austria, she being the stronger in every way. However, the Austrians, after their genial fashion, did not go at their object so directly or bluntly. They began by trying friendly bribery of the ever-needy Balkan princes; and they had some successes to record.

Many of us will still remember His Majesty King Milan of Servia as a gentleman who lived and let live. Why not? He'd be dead by now at any rate even if he hadn't taken a single dollar from Austria. But his son Alexander was far less reliable, and by the time the Obrenovitch dynasty was murdered off

and gave way to the Karageorgevitch dynasty, the wind was blowing from a different quarter.

The Balkan question now reached an acute stage. King Peter had been brought up in France and had imbibed French ideas. His government turned to France and to her ally, Russia, which, being a Slav country, was decidedly more sympathetic than half-Teutonic Austria. Greater and greater obstacles thus kept rising up on the road to the Mediterranean.

The king of Montenegro also turned more and more to Russia. Evidently Russia offered better guarantees for the continuance of the two Balkan dynasties than Austria could or would offer.

Even if Russia should have been the first seriously to dream of possessing Constantinople, she would not have been likely to begin a war on that account. Besides, opposition, even from Rumania and Bulgaria, would have been too great. Yet Russia felt she had to have access to the Mediterranean. The preëminent economic significance to her of an outlet to the Mediterranean is self-evident. And what it would be impossible to accomplish by way of a hostile Turkey might be reached by way of friendly Balkan states.

It is clear, therefore, that more stood in the way of Austria's expansion in the southeast than merely the

isolated Balkan states. The great and powerful Russia would also have something to say whenever the question would arise of a change in the Balkan status.

And it was not Russia alone that felt a watchful eye had to be kept upon Prussia's outpost on the path to the Mediterranean. England had to be on the lookout, too. England had to safeguard her route to India, which led through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal.

Austria by herself would not have met with such decided opposition from England. But in London they knew very well who was backing Austria up. They were convinced that at the decisive moment, were Austria alone to be reckoned with, an eventual understanding just to both sides lay in the realm of possibility. There was no such confidence with regard to Prussia. Prussia's tendency always to use force and to consider no interests but its own was too well known. Aggressive Prussianism, therefore, had to be kept as far away as possible from England's most important sea route.

Thus, common interests brought England and Russia together after they had come to an agreement about Persia. England, by the terms of the agreement, no longer had anything to fear from Russia in

the Mediterranean; and a further guarantee for security on this score was the lack of aggressiveness in the Russian national character. Moreover, Russia had no reason for a policy of expansion by force since it had land in superfluity for its population.

The one thing Russia needed was to be able to convey her surplus agricultural products to the sea.

Consequently, Russia and England were equally interested in preventing much change of hands in Balkan territory, above all in keeping the South-Slavic nations from slipping into too great dependence upon Austria-Germany or being absorbed by Austria and Germany.

One line, then, of Greater-Prussian foreign policy leads to the southeast, to the Mediterranean. But another line, of even greater significance, leads to the west, to the Atlantic Ocean.

Here, though the distances are much smaller, the obstacles are far bigger and harder to overcome. There is no Austrian pace-maker here to take over the burden of the more difficult work, and the state lying in the way is no half-civilized Balkan state, but a state inhabited by a highly-civilized, liberty-loving people, who long realized Prussia's intentions and took the utmost possible precautions against them.

How unqualifiedly right Belgium was in distrust-

ing Prussia is proved by the fact that the very first act in the war was the invasion of Belgium. For the ultimate carrying through of the war, Belgium is not much more important than Switzerland, but Belgium lies in Prussia's path to the Atlantic, and Switzerland does not.

The attack on Belgium descended like a stroke of lightning, revealing the whole situation in a flash. The object of the war and Prussia's war aims are now as clear as the day.

Nobody, therefore, who does not want to be deceived, can possibly be misled by Bethmann-Hollweg's disgraceful, dishonorable statement that the Germans were obliged to invade Belgium because Belgium itself had broken the neutrality.

Belgium knew very well that there was only one side from which she might be attacked, and she knew just which side that was, and she also knew that sooner or later the attack was *bound to come.* So she had a perfect right to fortify, and it is absurd to say Belgium broke her own neutrality. No well-informed man believes this monumental lie of the leader of Prussian politics.

And it goes without saying that England must protect Belgium's neutrality if her own tranquillity, yes, if her very existence is dear to her.

Simply recall William II's various utterances and the various hymns of hate that have been chanted against England, and you will understand what a delightful neighbor William with the Mailed Fist would be to England, were he to establish himself in Belgium. A rather restless, disturbing neighbor, with his insatiable imperialism and militarism and marinism, this supreme war-lord.

With William as her neighbor England's security would be so constantly menaced and the country would be so irretrievably swept into militarism that we may well believe England if she maintains that the question of peace is not open to discussion unless Belgium is altogether free and independent.

She would rather go on fighting to her very destruction. An end in horror is better than horror without end.

So we have seen what the goal is of the Greater-Prussian foreign policy—a single empire of the Hohenzollerns from the Atlantic, or at least the English Channel, on the west to the Mediterranean on the southeast, with Turkey annexed. An Antwerp-to-Bagdad empire!

But the civilization of the world has advanced too far for champions not to be found capable of preventing such violent changes of the map.

The objects of the Greater-Prussian policy will never be attained—to humanity's great blessing. But they will become the doom, and the proper doom, of the man who thought the time had come when he could set his heel on the world's neck. William II will gain nothing but lose everything.

formerly "me and GOTT"
"is wrong" w. GOTT now.

XVI

NATIONAL HYSTERIA

THE second district court of Munich condemned an old peddler woman to imprisonment for having thrown a pear to Russian prisoners as they were being led by.

The entire apparatus of the royal Bavarian tribunal with prosecuting attorney, judges, clerks, etc., was brought to bear upon this case of a little old woman whose only crime was having preserved enough human compassion—at any rate, considerably more than the highly-educated prosecuting attorney, judges, clerks, etc.—to give a little pleasure to poor, half-starved captives.

A whole series of eminent personages connected with the Bavarian department of justice, who draw their salaries from the pennies paid in taxes by the people, probably for more important ends, had to hold sessions and transact a quantity of business, all for the purpose of finding a verdict in a trifling case, which a single Prussian sergeant could have disposed of just as well.

As though that were not enough, higher Bavarian

judges confirmed the verdict, and it was even published in the papers. This confirmation was the very thing to set forth in the best possible light the great love the judges of Bavaria bear to their fatherland.

For it is only from the "fatherland" standpoint that a purely rational feeling of compassion for helpless men could be branded as a transgression of the law, as a crime.

Of course, the reason the little old woman's conduct was criminal is that she had wanted to do a kind thing to *Russians in Germany*. Let's consider the reverse of the case. Suppose a little old woman had been kind to *Germans in Russia*. Something of the like, it is said, often happens. And suppose the Bavarian judges had been called upon to pronounce judgment. Then what? Why, then the crime would have been no crime, but a perfectly natural act of neighborly love. O Justice!

If to "judge" still means to render a *just* sentence, then the judges who found this verdict of guilty and emphasized it in the deepest tones, have no right to the honorable title of judge. They are hysterical nationalists, chauvinists pure and simple. Had they preserved the qualities required of a judge in all circumstances, sound reason and impartiality,

they never could have condemned the little old peddler woman.

It would have sufficed for the "justice" of even a military tribunal simply to call the old woman's attention to paragraph so and so of the military code, which forbids people in Germany to obey the kindly dictates of their hearts, and to show her that she had transgressed the mandates of this paragraph, and tell her she mustn't do so again, because if she does, then she will be punished.

That is what Bavarian judges and human beings should have done and ought always to do, and both "justice" and common sense would have been satisfied.

For not the strictest of Prussian regulations could force a Bavarian judge to render judgment contrary to all reason and to every humane sentiment—provided, please observe, that he doesn't want to.

As for the rest, need our Bavarian judges care whether they carry out these vicious laws of the Prussians, a mockery of civilization? Need they cloak Prussian brutalities with their title?

I think not, and I am convinced that ways and means can be found of repudiating Prussia's barbarous impositions, provided we in Bavaria have still retained enough clearness of perception to realize the full monstrosity of such a thing as imprisoning a

little old peddler woman because her heart went out to hungry men.

However, there is no need to fear repudiation of methods Prussian just yet. My fatherland, don't worry. Our Bavarian judges have turned into hysterical nationalists, of whom the Prussians may expect even greater things than the punishment of charity by imprisonment.

What will later times have to say of such judicial sentences? What word of condemnation will be strong enough?

XVII

LIBERTY

A TINY group of Social Democrats is fighting a desperate battle with the Junkers in the Reichstag. You may almost say it is only a single individual, Dittmann, who is carrying on the struggle. He even has against him the majority of his comrades of the parliamentary Fraction. And what are he and his small minority battling for? Nothing but a few ridiculously limited liberties.

This handful of Social Democrats led by Dittmann is attorney for 65,000,000 people, who lie prostrate on the ground, the spiritual life completely crushed out of them. It is advocating measures whereby the outraged German people may at least open their mouths, at least be allowed to let out a yell of shame and anguish.

In vain. The Reichstag stuffs its ears and reduces the tiny minority to silence. The Reichstag is not to be won over to the idea of removing the censorship gag from the people's mouths or raising the veritable state of siege into which the people have been put.

An eloquent instance, this "representation of the people," of the fact that the greater number of Germans do not know what it means to want liberty. It shows how thoroughly the Prussian mailed fist has choked out every bit of feeling for liberty.

There are many more proofs of this condition of affairs, so unworthy of a great nation. But no need to go to the trouble of citing them. Suffice it to recall that the Prussian people are still without the vote.

The debates in the Reichstag over Germany's state of siege have easily done more than any one other thing to open the eyes of the world to our utter lack of freedom. Does it make us ashamed of ourselves before the other civilized nations? A Chinaman assuredly would be ashamed. Not so a German.

There is not a chord in the modern German's soul that could be made to quiver responsive to the word "liberty." If you mention liberty to a German, you find about as much comprehension as if you were talking to a blind man of color. Sometimes he answers back, "Why, we're not locked up in prison. We may walk about at large."

The Reichstag refuses to raise the state of siege. It apprehends the open outburst of wrath of the laboring masses. It takes for granted that the masses will instantly arise against their oppressors.

The Reichstag is in error. The people born in the yoke of Prussian slavery and too well accustomed to it would never think of such a thing. If they were disposed to, they would have revolted long ago in spite of their state of siege. A prerequisite to a revolt is a sense of the indignity of slavery. The German people have no such sense. They sucked in the spirit of slavery with their mothers' milk. It was drummed into them in school, and every ideal of liberty that a good Creator has implanted in each human breast has withered in them long ago.

And yet this poor German nation, bent down to the ground under the yoke of oppression, was not always so servile. One opens one's eyes in amazement when one learns from Dittmann's speeches in the Reichstag—and from one's own recollections of history, too—that we, too, once were a nation that had something like a sense of the dignity of freedom and human rights. That was after the revolutionary year 1848. But don't be alarmed. It wasn't very dangerous, that German revolution. Yet it was something.

And actually, yes, actually, that bit of '48 was in itself enough to drive red terror into the hearts of the despots. They *promised* everything and anything the people wanted. The victory was an easy one

after other nations had gone before wrestling hard for freedom. After the French had shed their blood not for themselves alone, but for us, too, for all humanity, the fruits of their endeavors fell into our laps without our having to take much pains.

A bit of a disturbance, a few inflammatory speeches, a few trials and imprisonments, and the people got their freedom—such as it was. It was not achieved with huge difficulty.

And while other nations knew how to defend the liberty they had so dearly won, and maintain it in spite of reactionary blows, and achieve an even larger measure of rights, the German nation allowed its easily acquired liberties to be stolen from it one by one, stealthily, secretly, as things are stolen by a thief in the night, until gradually it succumbed so far that it was ripe for the state of siege of 1914 and has been suffering that condition now for years. Like a flock of sheep.

The German nation never perceived its losses in liberty and dignity. It still remains unconscious of them. Why not? The people are not locked up in prison. They may walk about at large.

So dulled have the people become that they take this state of siege, this orgy of oppression exercised by Prussian militarism gone mad with megalomania,

as a perfect matter of course. As long as the Prussian military caste desires its continuance, so long will they submit to it.

The people hear their great Prussian general booming, "We are the Reichstag, we are the chancellor, we are the power of the state," and they see nothing in it that isn't quite the right thing. What more need be asked of the people? They are even sacrificing themselves for the perpetuation of such a state of affairs.

So we are perfectly justified in asking, Is the German nation at all qualified to be free? Is it fit to rule itself? Will it ever become free or know what freedom is? Who will answer these questions? And if by some miracle, the wish for liberty should ever stir in the German breast, who will show the people the way that leads to liberty? The German government? The government that has robbed the people of all sense of freedom, has corrupted them from childhood and has trampled upon every generous growth; the government whose incapacity for doing anything but oppress and suppress is positively grotesque? Are we to suppose that this government will point the way? May we hope that it will of itself abandon its successful maxim, "Stand straight, keep your mouth shut, and pay taxes"? Certainly not. It has de-

rived splendid profit from the application of the maxim. But if not the government, then who will come to the rescue? Can those people help the German nation who have been in the outside world and know what liberty is and who behold with deep sorrow the shameful degradation of the German nation?

They have not much strength. And, besides, they will be allowed no opportunity to enlighten the Germans. On the contrary, they will be reduced to silence.

Or may we hope that after all succor will rise up from out of the people themselves, that the nation will pick itself together and tear the blinkers from its eyes and stretch out its arms? That the millions tortured by misery and starvation will look about and search out those who have been the real authors of their misfortunes? That they will recognize the fraudulent oppressors and will raise their fists and fell them to the ground?

It seems impossible to expect anything of the sort from a nation that will take anything, yes, *anything*, without a murmur.

Every one longs for peace, and no one thinks of how easy it would be to secure peace if only the people went at it in earnest. Nothing more than just a little bit of '48. How quickly the despots would begin

to tremble and see that it is high time to conclude peace.

As it is, however, they're not in a bit of a hurry to make peace, even though they pretend differently. *They* are not losing anything by the war, and no matter how long the war lasts, they can hold out, oh, most assuredly they can.

As long as the people are satisfied to let the war go on, it's all right for the oppressors.

Ah yes, if only the German people could bethink themselves that once in their history, too, there was a '48! Yes, if only they could!

XVIII

"GO FOR THE ENEMY!"

NOTHING so vividly recalls those delightful, oh, so delightful, innocent, peaceful, pre-war days as this valiant battle-cry of "our young marines," "Go for the enemy!"

Those days when there was as yet no danger in "going for the enemy," when you could board a vessel and steam out to meet him on the high seas any time you felt like enjoying the ocean breezes.

The noble Tartarin de Tarascon could not have devised a prettier, more daring battle-cry. Had he emanated from Berlin instead of Tarascon, you might have heard him at his lion-hunts shouting, "Go for the enemy!"

Unfortunately the author of this battle-cry is shrouded in obscurity. Apparently his extreme modesty forbids his stepping out of the dark and receiving the hearty thanks of his favored fatherland. But one can't be going very far out of the way if one looks for him in the proximity of the sublime author of that glorious inspiring battle-cry, "Immer feste

druff." * He is spirit of his spirit, and there can be no doubt that we owe our incomparable victories in a large measure to these stirring cries.

Like our ancestors, the ancient Germans, who had battle-cries so awe-inspiring that they froze the marrow in the enemies' bones, our "field-greys" and "boys in blue" are also well equipped with cries, which, we may assume, make our enemies turn stiff with awe at the fearful beauty of the German language.

Our admirals keep insisting obstinately—and they seem to be right, unfortunately—that our "boys in blue" have no opportunity to "go for the enemy."

The enemy doesn't show up, simply doesn't show up—just where we should like him to. He goes prowling round in all the waters and simply can't be found.

He seems utterly to lack courage and apparently is avoiding an encounter. Otherwise he would not be roaming over the whole globe with the exception of the one place where the mines have been laid for him.

If the enemy were not so frightfully timid, he would approach our harbors. Then we should let our

* A curt, idiomatic, slangy expression, meaning, "Always go at them hard," of which the Crown Prince is the author.

"boys in blue" loose on him, and after our mines and U-boats had made him turn tail, we should let them "go for" him.

Then would our sailors show the enemy the stuff they're made of, the spirit that animates them. Then would they pluck the laurels of victory.

The enemy, of course, maintains that it is *our* navy which doesn't let itself be seen on the high seas and keeps hugging the harbors, stowed safely away behind the protection of the mines, like a mouse in its hole. A lie, a downright lie! Don't our U-boats venture forth to bold combat often enough, keeping way below the surface of the sea?

Have they not displayed incomparable heroism in sinking hundreds of unarmed merchant and passenger vessels and sending women and children to be food for the fishes?

Have they not drowned hundreds of thousands of bales of wool?

And, oh, yes! I mustn't forget. Haven't they sent a few enemy battleships to the bottom, too? Our enemies say they have not and declare that the battleships are lying at the docks unscathed. But everybody knows the enemy always lies, while we never do.

There are excellent satires, but reality is better than the best of them. Isn't it a good satire when a

representative of the press, the "fatherland" press, of course, is invited down to the docks to see with its own eyes that the ships costing millions of dollars are still there and have not been sunk in secret by the English without the public's knowing anything about it? The newspaper men can check them off and go back and give the honored public a true report. The land-lubbers, flattered and touched, always write what the tars think it is advisable to tell them.

They are always tremendously impressed by what the naval heroes have to say. And the naval heroes must find them an extremely gratifying audience, ignorant as they are of the meaning of starboard and larboard and all the other delightful nautical terms.

It is the newspaper man's mission to instruct the public, which is somewhat taken aback by the remarkable rôle the navy is playing. He is to tell the public that the money expended upon the fleet has been well applied and each taxpayer has got his dollar's worth back in what is lying at Kiel and Wilhelmshafen.

Only "fatherlandless" cavilers could conceive the insolent idea that a fleet of battleships, whose entire activity since the outbreak of the war consists in lying in the harbors in a state of "feverish readiness"

consuming coal, may not be worth much more than the bad German of the battle-cries.

It is only "fatherlandless" cavilers who would be impudent enough to think that a fleet costing billions of dollars was built for the purpose of attacking England the hated, attacking her openly and honorably; not for the purpose of lying in harbors behind barriers of mines in "feverish readiness." True German patriots know very well it is not the costly battleships that are protecting Germany against attack by the English, but the far cheaper mines. The battleships themselves would probably, in the twinkling of an eye, be lying at the bottom of the sea.

That's what our admirals must think, or else they would send the fleet out "to go for" the enemy.

It actually seems as though all the ironclads were built chiefly to escort William II on his pleasure-trips to the Mediterranean or the Norwegian coast, and have to be kept safe in haven during these uncertain, dangerous war times until the imperial lord is ready to use them again.

For all the German battleships that were not in haven at the outbreak of the war have long been resting from their labors at the bottom of the sea. Of course, only because of the enemy's vastly superior strength. In reality our sailors were victorious.

Besides, it was an outrage to attack our battleships.

Has England, the enemy against which our "boys in blue" were to proceed so valiantly, noticed anything at all of the existence of a German sea-power? Not much, it seems. England, now as before the war, still "rules the waves," in spite of the U-boats, those little thugs which all in all can't hurt England any more than a pike can hurt a whale.

Probably the pompous announcement of the U-boat warfare was designed less for effect upon England, the mistress of the seas, than for effect upon the refreshing simplicity of the German land-lubber, who was to be inspired with proper respect for the "nerve-racking, feverish" activity of the naval authorities.

And how about the "great naval victory" in the Skager-Rack? One more such victory, and we are lost.

Alas, His Majesty now has fewer dreadnaughts to escort him on his pleasure-trips. I have always said it doesn't pay to be so reckless.

But how could we help ourselves? Something had to be done. There was always the risk of the Social Democrats not voting more millions for war-credits, unless there was something to show for money already spent.

The land operations were not going right. The bat-

tle about Verdun, for which the last appropriation had been required, was not proceeding according to program. So, quick! A few ships and several hundred of our sailors sacrificed. That would mean something new again, and would be a "victory" of course—a foregone conclusion.

But the English suffered losses, too. Many more "tons" than we. On our victorious return home we strewed mines for the English fleet, which had wanted to escort the German comrades to safe harbor, and the English, in their hotheadedness, ran into the mines.

You see, even in retiring you can have victories if you know how to.

But immediately after the victory, our boys in blue were sent back on furlough and showed off in as many cities as possible so that the people shouldn't say all the men had been lost in the "victory."

But this marine theatrical, held for the honored public's benefit, is probably the first and the last to be given. Because it is impossible to get at the English. They are everywhere except just where you most want them to be.

XIX

ZABERN

Who still recalls the miniature revolution provoked by a silly eighteen-year-old Prussian lieutenant in the ancient Alsatian town of Zabern?

If the episode were not signally indicative of the character of Prussian militarism, it would scarcely be worth mention now in the midst of the world-war. We could afford to forget the great deed of Herr Baron Forstner, although at that time the matter promised to be very serious, and grave damage was done—not to the Herr Leutnant, but to the innocent city.

A little more, and militarism gone mad, thinking it had suffered a tremendous insult, would have taken ruthless revenge upon the citizens of Zabern. It is due certainly not to the military circles, but to the level-headedness of the citizens, that the worst consequences were avoided and the city escaped with only economic damages to suffer.

Some lack of respect, it was alleged, had been shown a ridiculous immature little fellow of eighteen

—a foolish escapade on both sides. Yet enough to stir militarism to its depths. There was no investigation to discover the real culprit. The incident in itself sufficed to make militarism arrest and lock up hundreds of innocent passers-by as though they were criminals, and wheel out its cannons and salute the people of Zabern with grape-shot.

Instead of removing the awkward lieutenant from Zabern as quickly as possible, or, at least, forbidding him to appear on the streets so as not to provoke the excited people still more, the matter was exaggerated to the utmost. The people were to have the brutal Prussian master's standpoint thoroughly rubbed into their skin.

The lieutenant was made to serve the same object as Gessler's hat. Only the callow Prussian baron played a less innocent, passive rôle than the Austrian governor's hat.

The military caste, in all its arrogance, with its unfailing arguments, bayonets and machine-guns, had no interest in finding out which side was right and which side was wrong. It had no interest in an investigation, knowing beforehand what judgment to pronounce. His Majesty's uniform deemed it had been insulted, and militarism without hesitation got

behind the uniform, no matter how irresponsible the person who had worn it.

Public opinion in Germany regarding the incident was highly indicative. I cannot recall a single condemnation of the Herr Leutnant. The steps taken by the military authorities met with universal approval.

Many were of the opinion that the Alsatians were a common lot and if after several years you could not make good Germans of them by kind treatment (*sic*), then it was high time to convert them by force.

I remember reading in the papers remarks upon the way the matter was viewed by the outside world, especially England. Wonder was expressd that there was such complete failure to understand the methods employed by our military authorities.

A German having no knowledge of the western nations, with their deep-seated democratic feelings, really cannot explain their incomprehension. Such action as was taken with Zabern actually is so remote from the sphere of their ideas that they are incapable of realizing the atmosphere in which a plant like militarism flourishes and bears fruit.

They did not grasp the importance attached to the symbol of militarism, the uniform with brass but-

tons. Nor did they understand the sentiment of the German public.

So remote are the views of free people from those in which we have been bred.

The Reichstag proceedings in regard to the Zabern affair are as vivid in my mind as though they had taken place yesterday. Why, actually—the thing was unheard of—never happened before—the Reichstag for a moment bethought itself even under the eyes of the supreme command; bethought itself that it was the "representative of the people," and made a feeble attempt to handle and dispose of the matter according to parliamentary form.

The fiasco suffered by this famous body, representative of 65,000,000 people, was well deserved; and the Reichstag was even more ridiculous—if possible—than the eighteen-year-old Prussian lieutenant.

How the tedious philosopher of a chancellor stood there telling the deputies elected by the great German nation to their faces that he didn't care a rap for their vote of censure. *He* didn't need the people's confidence, having the confidence of the Kaiser. But one thing he would tell them, he wouldn't have them trying to undermine the supreme command of the supreme war-lord.

They swallowed it, these excellent representatives

of the people did. For a second they were discomfited, then they smiled, and everything was all right again.

They humbly took the beating administered by their imperial lord through his servant, the chancellor.

Bethmann-Hollweg, of course, remained the chancellor—now, for sure—although nearly the whole Reichstag wished his retirement.

He remained the chancellor, and to him and his lord and to a few other good things we owe the world-war.

The representative assembly of the German people allowed Zabern to be dished up to it, also this war. What else will it allow?

XX

FLUNKEY SOULS

A GERMAN prince was reviewing a group of English prisoners who had just been captured. They stood in front of the prince still coated from head to foot with the mud of the trenches. They must have known the high rank of the man reviewing them from the obsequious manners of his brilliant escort of officers. But it didn't confuse the Englishmen in the least. They paid no attention to His Royal Highness. They shook out their overcoats and helped each other knock the dirt out of their clothes, and the dust flew. They smoked and chatted and were not in the least disconcerted by the prince's presence.

Their free-and-easy ways so annoyed His Highness that he turned away angrily, and said to his escort:

"So that's the sort of trash our good German fathers have to go scuffling round with."

Apparently he couldn't conceive of there being men who would not shut up talking at his approach and would not click their heels together and drop their hands to their trousers seams and stand in the stiff

Prussian attitude of attention. He simply couldn't conceive it.

Fortunately the typical "German father" was standing nearby, the landsturmmann Müller III from Kyritz on the Knatter. He heard His Highness's wrathful remark and allowed himself the liberty of adding his most humble spicing to it. He murmured audibly:

"A good thing we made war on the blackguards! Supposing they had come here and fallen on our women! Just supposing!"

Thank goodness, he spoke exactly loud enough for His Highness to overhear his remark. The mighty lord turned and silently but graciously shook the hand of the "Kamerad," the German father and landsturmmann Müller III from Kyritz on the Knatter. For many, many years to come Herr Müller will be vaunting this handshake to his fellow beer-drinkers at the café and telling of His Royal Highness's condescension.

Evidently it was more than a Herr Müller's good flunkey intelligence could grasp that there are mortals in this world who can be as unconcerned in the presence of a real true prince as in the presence of a Lehmann or a Meier. So far from rejoicing that there should be such mortals he showed not the faint-

est glimmer of comprehension of them. Men who don't stand up stiff and straight in front of a prince, but even dust their clothes out must be awful creatures, the sort that rape women, nothing less.

What a picture of the world he must have in his mind!

The unconstrained behavior of free men was something beyond this good servant's powers of imagination. And it revolted his flunkey soul that the Englishman saw nothing but a human being like themselves in the prince. That is why they must have had intentions against the German women, the disrespectful fellows! If they were not low creatures, capable of any outrage, they would have done just what Herr Müller III would have done. They would have stood at attention with a sheepish look on their faces and not stirred from that attitude until His Highness had honored them with the favor of his address. But they did no such thing. They shook the dust out of their clothes. Consequently they were low, vile creatures.

XXI

THE "GREAT TIME"

Before the war the uninitiated could have had no notion of the depths to which political demoralization in Germany had sunk. It took the war itself to show with awful clearness how far gone we were.

It must be conceded that in this respect Prussia did a thorough piece of work. The achievements of the subventioned "fatherland" press in distorting and trimming up the truth are really stupendous.

Through contributions from the state and gifts from the allied interests the press has been brought into dependence upon the government and its profiteers, and is engaged to support their policy and to influence the minds of the masses.

This holds true all over the country, in the north as well as in the south. In Cologne you read exactly the same things as in Breslau; in Hamburg, the same as in Munich or in Stuttgart.

The people's interests are by no means the same everywhere, and Bavaria, for example, with its old, highly developed civilization and its interest in for-

eign visitors ought to have an entirely different attitude toward the war from the attitude of, say, Königsberg, or even the west, with its large manufactures.

But this actual diversity of interests finds not the slightest expression in the big papers, all molded in the same "fatherland" form.

All of them, as with one instrument, trumpeted forth the "great time," and none failed to chime in, the leader of the concert beating time in Berlin.

Taterata, the great time is here! Taterata, taterata! The blare of trumpets was to drown every other sound. The deadly fright and amazement of large portions of the German workers, all the unexpected and awful things connected with war had to be shouted down by this blazoning forth of the "great time."

A highly accomplished orchestra, we must admit. No wonder. The rehearsals had been going on—for the initiated—for years.

Conceive all the things that this hellish "fatherland" din had to deafen our ears to. The crying and sobbing of women whose husbands were being snatched from them and led to certain death; the wailing and lamentations of mothers whose sons had supported them faithfully and who were now being taken away;

the hopeless grieving of the brides, whose dreams of happiness were lost forever.

Endless misery, endless woe, all to be shouted down by this hullabaloo about the "great time."

They went marching away, the sons, the pride and the joy of their parents, for whom the elders had worked and denied themselves so as to make the lives of the younger ones a little bit easier than their own had been. Will they ever see their sons again? Will their sons ever come back home? Perhaps as cripples or blind men?

Off they had to go to war, just as they were about to form their lives according to their own wishes, all these millions of young men. Now all was over forever.

Who knows them and who counts them, all these existences, all these hopes that the war has so brutally destroyed?

And how many others, who themselves did not have to go to war, were ruined? Even the most modest hopes of an assured old age had to be renounced.

Hundreds of thousands of salaried men lost their positions and were driven by dire necessity to take badly paid factory jobs, and so were reduced to proletarians.

Nobody hears the sighs of these unfortunates, no-

body heeds their woe; for the taterata, taterata of the great time booms in our ears daily.

But there are others besides the unfortunates, and enough of them, in whose ears the clanging and the tooting make a delightful sound, who are all enthusiasm, and who join in the concert with the full strength of their lungs. These men have good cause to think it a "great time." Why blame the shareholders of the companies that manufacture instruments of death and destruction for intoning enthusiastic hymns to the "great time" and to the war, while sticking fat dividends into their pockets? Why should the Prussian agrarians not be making their millions in profit with hurrahs for the "great time"? Why not rejoice in sympathy with the gentlemen officials who are drawing two or three times the salaries that they used to?

And the army officers! The officers who had been fed like drones in a beehive and who must occasionally in peace times have been made aware of their superfluousness. Ought not the officers do the loudest trumpeting of all in the "great time" concert?

At last they realized what for so long had been nothing but a lovely remote dream!

"War! We're at war! Thank God!"

"The thundering of cannon. O God, what joy!"

"There's war!" an officer, beside himself with delight, wrote in the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* at the outbreak of the war.

Their ecstasy is easy to understand. They are going to have a high old time. Money as plentiful as pebbles. Not much danger to them in trench warfare. During assaults they can comfortably remain behind —in fact, must remain behind—after pricking on the captains of the reserves and their men, who no longer hear or see anything in the frenzy of their excitement and dread.

Oh, what gay times they have in their officers' dugouts! Champagne flowing in streams and—women, a matter that also received its due attention.

Isn't that what you call a "great time"?

And militarism knows how to avail itself of the opportunity in other ways, too.

The sword rules in the land absolutely. A wave of the sword is enough. At last the ideal conditions! The military caste commands and the people obey. It's so simple. Why think and talk about it a whole lot? Commanding and obeying is much simpler.

And should any man having other opinions resist, woe to him. For the sword is plaintiff and judge in one. The sword can do everything, knows everything, and is everything. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

XXII

WHY THE GERMANS ARE DISLIKED

WHY are the Germans disliked? You find this question put very frequently in our papers now, with the answer immediately appended.

The question is very evidently asked merely in order to give the interrogator the chance to make a reply that will be intensely gratifying to himself and his readers.

In these days when we are practically under martial law in Germany, any one of us who doesn't mean to answer the question in this satisfying fashion and would really like to get at the bottom of the dislike of us, had better take care not to pose the question in public. He would be made to feel the general dislike of himself, and probably much more else.

So the answer invariably accompanying the question cannot but give great gratification to every "fatherland" heart. The main reason why the Germans are disliked, as set forth in the "fatherland" press, is a very flattering one. Envy, sheer envy. The Germans are envied their brilliant qualities, their stu-

pendous achievements, their successes in all the fields of human activity.

The Germans are hated because all the other nations pale before their glory, as the moon pales before the sun. There you have the reason, and the only reason, why the Germans are hated. So the nations that thought they had other causes for hating us are now instructed as to the right causes.

We don't deny that the nations either hate us or hold us in contempt. Yet apparently no one has thought of asking why *we alone,* and not any other nation, is so honored.

At bottom, it is the same with nations as with individuals. If a man has *one* neighbor who hates him, that seems quite comprehensible. You can't be friends with the whole world. Even if two or three neighbors hate him, it will still be comprehensible and there still will be no reason for putting unmitigated blame upon him. But if *none* of his neighbors like him, it cannot possibly be the fault of so many people, but the fault of the man whom everybody has an unfriendly feeling for. And certainly such general disapprobation will not be called forth by any particularly noble qualities that the man may possess, but by the very opposite qualities. There must be

good grounds for the man's being so universally disliked.

It is my purpose, in this chapter, to see if the same does not apply to the German people and to find out whether or not there are valid reasons for our being disliked.

First I must call attention to the remarkable fact that by no means all Germans are disliked, but only a very well-defined part of them.

The German of the south, the Bavarian or the Württemberger, observes little of this foreign distaste of him. To be sure he does not figure so prominently in political and economic affairs as, for instance, the Prussian. His connections abroad are not so extensive, so that there are fewer sources of friction between him and foreigners.

Nevertheless, he has ample opportunity to demonstrate that a certain something, possibly his civilization far older than the Prussian's, keeps him from being as conspicuous in other countries as his northern brother. Foreigners find his unassuming manners scarcely distinguishable from their own. However that may be, one thing is certain, the German that is disliked is generally a Prussian.

So, in considering the causes of Germanophobia, we may leave the South-Germans out of account.

There have always been ample opportunities for becoming acquainted with the German's personal peculiarities abroad. In the good old times the German traveling journeyman, still, probably, the most agreeable specimen of the German tourist, was known everywhere. And now the figure most frequently seen is that of a petty official or an upper school teacher, or a small tradesman, who wears his oldest clothes traveling, makes a show of soiled celluloid collars and soiled outing linen and always puts on his hobnailed boots when visiting the museums and art galleries.

Foreigners have come across some few Germans who spend much money with little decency, but more Germans who spend little money with still less decency, the sort that are petty and stingy wherever they go, who always haggle over prices, and make all the greater demands in return for their pennies. You can often hear them boasting of how thoroughly they have "done" a dealer. They want to show off their immense shrewdness. They would never give the price a man first asked for an article. No indeed, not until they had beat him down by half.

They never approve the arrangements of any place they are in, but always scold at the top of their voices, usually for no reason at all, and always want to in-

struct every one regarding the (often dubious) progress in culture of Jross-Beälihn,* which is the only culture worthy of the human race.

They can't do enough by way of the most arrogant, insulting disparagement of all foreign conditions, especially the conditions of the locality they happen to be in. "The place won't improve either," they say, "until Prussia has annexed it and given it the right administration."

These examples are all signs of lack of culture, wretched taste, and stupid conceit. Another sign of bad taste is a thing that frequently occurs in restaurants. Often you can hear a whole family, three tables away, discussing in the greatest detail the price paid for a glass of beer somewhere. And am I mistaken if I call it bad taste when in nearly all the letters from the front that are published in the papers the same Russian swarms of lice and the same Russian dungheaps are eternally dished up to us? Of course, the lice are never of home growth, but always a Russian pest. As if every man would not be overrun with lice who has no chance to wash himself or change his clothes for weeks. But, no, the lice must come from enemy soldiers. The enemy soldiers, never we ourselves, are the dirty, lousy ones. Oh, the Rus-

* Local pronunciation of *Gross-Berlin*.

sian filth and the poor Russian roads that we have had to suffer from already!

As if conditions would be any different here had the war invaded our own country and had a frenzy of fright and horror spread over our homes! What would a German road look like after ten thousand munition autos and all sorts of heavy trucks had passed over it? Wouldn't it be rough and dusty and torn to its bed?

How arrogant and superficial to criticize such things in an unfortunate land where war is raging, to deplore the absence of "German order," and not to ascribe the disorder to the great disturber war, but to put the blame for it upon the wretched inhabitants who are driven from place to place.

Another very important cause for the dislike of the Germans lies in the field of trade and industry.

For a long time German merchants and manufacturers have unscrupulously appropriated and exploited foreign models and patterns, as well as foreign inventions. Everybody knows how in Paris German firms carry on a positively unprincipled policy of annexation with regard to fashions, instead of taking the trouble to design new styles themselves or pay German artists to sketch models for them.

Paris fashions are openly copied and the imitations

are brought here, as genuine Parisian of course, and sold at reduced prices. This is not honorable competition, but mean, underhand competition; because if the German firms were to go to the trouble and the expense of doing their own designing, they would not be able to sell their goods at such low figures.

What is more, German firms compete with the French in their own country, where they sell the articles so unfairly acquired at a cheaper price than can the French merchants, who have to cover the cost of experimenting and making models.

So here, in this sordid competition practiced by many German merchants, you have one of the main causes of the dislike of the Germans.

And how about England? Haven't the Germans for years, straight up to the war, done even worse things in England than in France? They have been carrying on industrial espionage in England and stealing models for instruments and machinery.

The English have resorted to everything within their power to guard themselves against this mean competition. The label "made in Germany" was a last resort of desperation to save British industry from the merciless underbidding that was robbing it of its markets in its own country.

Examples may be multiplied, but the few I have

given will suffice, and they will stand the test of verification.

Will a fair-minded man ask the English and the French to love the Germans who imitate their inventions and then turn them to use against them? Would we in Germany love members of any nation attempting to do the same thing to us? Scarcely. Remember all we have been saying here against the Japanese.

You might at least expect that the Germans would be content with profiting by other people's inventions and would keep quiet when once in a while the other people turned round and showed indignation at such practices. Not a bit of it! We Germans don't steal ideas, we say. And we launch verbal assaults, and so add insult to injury.

But the gravest part of the blame for our being disliked attaches to our foreign policy. Take the Boers for example. At the outset of the war endless yarns were spun of the Boers' intended revolt against England and their colossal debt of gratitude to us. We were so sure they were going to pay the debt now.

But what was the true state of affairs?

Before the Boer War William II sent President Krüger a telegram telling him he should not allow the English to do whatever they pleased, and he

must be sure not to give in, because he, William, would come to their aid in good time. But when the English began to take the matter seriously and Krüger, placing absolute reliance in Germany's assistance, defied England, the German government violated its pledge and left him in the lurch, while the selfsame William II who had incited Krüger paid not the slightest attention to him, and even sent his grandmother, the queen of England, a plan of warfare by which the Boers could best be overpowered.

Although this plan was a product of imperial vanity and was worth scarcely more than the paper it was written on, it served excellently to reveal to the Boers the character of William II and also the character of the German government.

It was a painful lesson that Krüger had learned and it cost him a country laid waste and many thousands of lives. For without the certain prospect of the Kaiser's help, he would never have entered into so unequal a conflict with the mighty British realm.

The German press at that time knew nothing of the wheeling round of the imperial policy and helped the Boers valiantly with—its tongue.

So England came in for a tongue-lashing, oh, what a lashing!

Until the present war, there has never been a

meaner, more venomous campaign of villification carried on against any country or any nation than the campaign of the "fatherland" newspapers against England during the Boer War. Did the noise the German press made help the Boers any? Not in the least. Then what have the Boers to be grateful to us for?

The bottomless vials of hate poured out by the press were of no use to the Boers or any one else. On the contrary, they did an infinite amount of damage. They hurt us not only with England but also with the whole world. The Kaiser's perfidious policy, on the one hand, and the furious baiting of the press, on the other hand, gave fresh and powerful impetus to the universal hatred of us.

Much the same happened in the Spanish-American War. The German government along with the inspired German press took sides with Spain, in its sympathies, at least, if nothing else, the sole reason for so doing being the fact that Spain was a monarchy and the United States a democracy. Sufficient cause, this, for the German government with its dynastic interests to interpret neutrality as unfavorably as possible to the United States.

The government could not come out openly on the side of Spain. For this there was no plausible pre-

text. But what could be done was to damage us, and damage us badly, with the United States. One success, to be sure, of the imperial policy.

Nobody in Spain or in America any longer thinks of the Spanish-American War. The two countries are quite reconciled and, strangely enough, much better friends now than Spain and Germany. Odd, isn't it?

Always and everywhere we find it is the endeavor of the imperial German policy to set everybody against us. And its efforts meet with invariable success. Then our Philistines show surprise that the whole world hates us, and play injured innocence, or else devoutly chant responses to the press, saying it is the incomparable qualities of the Germans that bring down on them the hatred of the other nations.

The Russians and the Japanese, the English and the Boers, the Spaniards and the Americans were all reconciled and the best of friends within a very short time after their wars.

But Germany, after a lapse of forty-four years, has still not brought about reconciliation or friendship with France. France's fault, we keep saying. But Germany even within its own borders cannot make friends of the Alsatians, Danes, and Poles. All it can do is oppress them.

Doesn't all this give us Germans food for thought?

Is there a sane German who still has the nerve to get up and say, "The one reason why the whole world hates us is that we are successful, and we have every cause to rejoice at being so disliked?" Has any one still got the courage to maintain that not we are to blame but all the other nations?

I envy the man who dares to say so.

XXIII

THE BEST JOKE OF THE WAR

After the so-called invasion of Memel by the Russians, one of the shoals of princes of the royal blood was sent there to inspect the havoc that had been wrought, and to bring solace to the inhabitants of the undoubtedly beautiful city, and, above all, to assure them of the "never-failing good will of His Imperial Majesty."

It goes without saying that the imperial good will is the most healing ointment that can be applied to the wounds inflicted by the "Russian hordes." The people then know that the eye of His Majesty is resting upon them benevolently, if only through the medium of his representative; and no praise can sound sweeter in the ears of the good inhabitants of this border city of Prussia than to say of them that "they are loyal to the Kaiser to the very marrow of their bones."

But undoubtedly what contributed most to comfort them was the prince's scintillating farewell address—his father all over again! He expressed his great

disgust at the Russian outrages and concluded his speech with the ringing words:

"In view of these horrible atrocities, long live His Majesty! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

XXIV

"GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND!"

A NEW curse? Good! And emanating, they say, from the highest source, from one who has taken religion and Christianity under his special protection.

But we are fighting against France, too, and Russia, a world of foes. Why just *Gott strafe England?*

There's something behind this curse.

Each time I hear England so damned, which happens none too seldom, it invariably occurs to me that a marauder must curse like that when rich booty that he is about to swoop down on is at the last moment snatched away from him through the unexpected intervention of a third party.

For how did the thing go? How did this neatly contrived "war of defense" begin? Belgium, as if struck by lightning, was felled to the ground, and within a few days was overrun by our armies. France was assaulted, and the German troops penetrated to within forty kilometres from Paris without encountering serious resistance.

As for Russia, they knew perfectly well in Berlin

that she would need weeks, even months, for mobilizing her armies sufficiently to be able to get them into real action and carry on an effective offensive. In the meanwhile Paris would have been taken and France overrun like Belgium.

In brief, the famous Prussian war plan would have been executed, the predatory expedition would have succeeded (Russia could easily be disposed of later, at least in a defensive operation), when all of a sudden, yes, quite all of a sudden, the Englishman stepped in, not with his pipe in his mouth and his hands in his trousers pockets, as an interested spectator, but as an active participant taking up for the parties attacked. And a portion of the army and a corresponding portion of the ammunition, a good bit of what was to help invade France, had to be withdrawn to other parts to meet a possible attack by England on the northwestern coast.

Alas, the prettily contrived plan came to naught!

That's why the supreme war-lord curses and swears and says, *"Gott strafe England,"* and the chorus joins in cursing and swearing.

In Berlin they knew that England would take a positive stand against such an undertaking on the part of Germany, and they were prepared for every-

thing except this one thing, England's prompt intervention.

They thought that England would hesitate, and that when it saw Belgium and France completely prostrated, it would not enter the war at all but would content itself with trying by diplomacy to prevent too great a mutilation of France.

Instead of that, England stepped right in. Her action was at that time the one obstacle to prevent Prussian militarism from carrying out its schemes of world-conquest and from laying the world's liberty in chains at the feet of the supreme war-lord.

The battle of the Marne made it quite clear that the expedition of conquest was frustrated.

So, if in the future Germany, if the whole world, in fact, will be able to breathe freely again; if our boys, instead of being sacrificed, as millions of them now are, to the Moloch of militarism, will be allowed to live free lives on a free earth, we shall owe it to England's prompt decision.

If we shall have men in Germany again, *men,* not merely subjects, we shall owe it to England's unselfish, big-hearted decision to sacrifice her sons for the world's freedom.

Those who are now, at the behest of the highest

command, cursing England, will then be giving her their thanks.

The author of the curse, *Gott strafe England,* knew why he was cursing. *He* had every reason to curse. *He,* but not the German people. His horrible, murderous "divine right" was at stake. That and nothing else.

But every decent German man should be ashamed to echo the imperial curse. England deserves, not to be cursed, but to be blessed.

For England, at the cost of infinite sacrifices, swept aside the obstacles blocking the path of the German people to peace and to liberty.

XXV

THE GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND THE WAR

On August 4, 1914, the Social Democratic Fraction in the Reichstag voted in favor of declaring war on Russia and France, and so helped to raise the curtain upon a tragedy, the biggest and bloodiest ever enacted on the world-stage and fraught with the most awful consequences.

The Social Democratic Fraction wanted to be behind no one in "defense of the fatherland."

The stage managers, it must be conceded, had been exceedingly skillful in presenting an accomplished fact and so taking the Social Democrats as well as the rest of the world by surprise. It required almost superhuman level-headedness not to succumb to the compelling force of the suggestion.

There are only a very few of us human beings who possess the firmness and level-headedness necessary for suddenly meeting a critical situation, and evidently the Social Democratic Fraction counted none of these few among its numbers; which is the reason

why the "defense of the fatherland" came down like a stroke of lightning and set the Socialists as well as the rest of the people afire with patriotism. Very well. Yet why even in the heat of enthusiasm overlook the remarkable fact that the alleged defense of the fatherland began with declarations of war against Russia and France *and with the invasion of Belgium?*

No matter how generous an interpretation we may be inclined to make, we shall still find the unqualified assent of the Fraction utterly incomprehensible. Assuredly the Social Democrats were better prepared to size up the situation than the general public. And they had had plenty of time to think the thing over. War had been in the air for some time. "There will be war" had passed from mouth to mouth in the days following the assassination of the Austrian Grand Duke.

With so portentous a political situation impending, the Fraction could have, and ought to have, come to a definite stand; and their stand in no circumstances should have wavered from what the Social Democrats had always proclaimed was the *one thing* binding upon them, that is, the resolutions and decisions of their congresses. And at their congresses the attitude of the Social Democracy to war in general had been made clear beyond a doubt. One thing the

resolutions had brought out very positively, namely, that the question of which side was the aggressor depended upon which side declared war.

In this case it was the *German government that declared war*. The German government, therefore, was the *aggressor*.

This should have given the Fraction pause.

We can understand, of course, that the Fraction feared the government would cripple the party and make trouble for its members should they refuse to vote the war credits. They also had good grounds to fear that the public, under the horrible spell laid upon them, would at the moment not understand their refusal, and would even disapprove of it.

Nevertheless, the Fraction had no right to let this stand in the way of its principles.

The Russian Socialist members of the Duma held fast to their principles, even though *their government had not declared war.*

The sentiment of the masses, which is the only thing that should weigh with Socialists, would soon have swung round—in fact, it did—and would have veered even sooner had the people seen that the Fraction refused all responsibility for the war. After all, the government would not have dared to do anything serious to the representatives of the la-

boring people, and by this time the German Social Democracy would be facing the German people and the whole world, great and unassailable.

If, in spite of all this the considerations against refusal to vote the war credits had been too great, then *the* dictate of the hour should have been to withdraw and express neither assent nor dissent. That would have been much the same as refusal and yet would not have brought down on the Fraction any trouble at the hands of either the government or the people, since that's the sort of thing naturally to be expected of Social Democrats.

And the whole responsibility for the war would have fallen upon the conservative and other parties, while now the Social Democrats have their full measure of it to bear.

History will always score it against the Fraction as a grave mistake that they did not withdraw and refuse to vote. It was the least they could have done in opposition to the war, and no one in the future will be able to understand how they could march with colors flying straight into the camp of militarism and imperialism by sanctioning a war of aggression.

No serious student of politics could have been in

doubt as to the magnitude of the war and its disastrous consequences to the whole world.

But the party of "international brotherhood" was guilty of even more disgraceful conduct. Its behavior in gratefully accepting by way of return for its "fatherland attitude" the assurance of the imperial lord that he recognizes no parties any more, is highly indicative of German conditions.

Well, the serious mistake made by the representatives of the German workers, for which millions of workers in other countries must pay with their health and their lives, can no longer be repaired, and in atonement for the vote of that fatal August 4th, we must accept the lame excuse that the Social Democracy was not strong enough to have prevented the war. As if anybody had demanded such a thing.

One would suppose that in the course of the war the Fraction would at least have arrived at a perception of its mistake. No such thing. With the exception of a very few members, they exhibit not the faintest consciousness of wrongdoing. It passes human understanding.

There ought not to be a single Socialist in politics left who is actually as blind as he was on August 4, 1914, and who still, with all that has become known

since the outbreak of the war, cannot detect the aggressor.

A Social-Democratic delegate who has not yet regained enough impartiality for this no longer deserves to be called Socialist. Nothing distinguishes him from a national-liberal hero of the tongue, who is ready to conquer the world with other people's property and blood, while himself cautiously remaining at home talking a lot of drivel over his beer in the café.

A Social Democrat who asks his French comrades to meet him at least half way so that he may condescendingly extend the victor's hand to them, who cannot see that his French comrades actually are in the position of having to defend their fatherland against an invading enemy, and that their case is very different from the case of the German Socialist—such an one has learned nothing from the slaughter, but, on the contrary, has forgotten what little he ever knew.

There's no more use arguing with a man of that cast than with a Herr Bassermann or a Count Reventlow. One is as hopelessly insane as the other, and no rational man, however much he may want to, can ever join the Social-Democratic Party again. It's all the more of a shame and all the more disheartening

that the Fraction is almost entirely composed of such madmen, since these as members of the parliament meet with many an opportunity denied the layman to get at the true facts. If they want to.

So when Scheidemann asks the enemies to agree to Bethmann-Hollweg's designs and permit him to dictate the terms of peace, it is too utterly ridiculous.

It is to be presumed that in the secret committee sessions, he got to know the political situation and all affairs connected with the war as they *actually* are, not as the Wolff news agency wants them to be. And knowing the true state of things, how could he ever have expected the enemies to take such a step?

Scheidemann's demands upon his French comrades make a positively indecent impression. The French are not to eject the invading enemy. It's like asking a man to make excuses to a burglar who has entered his house and beg him please not to be angry.

Because it's an undeniable fact that the German armies made their way into France and Belgium, where they had no business to be. The French and Belgian armies did not make their way into Germany.

So a Socialist, at least, can not honorably demand a peace that presupposes a German victory. A Socialist has no right to insist that unless they yield to

such terms, the war must continue because *they* wanted to crush Germany.

Let us look a little closer at Herr Scheidemann's tactics.

He declares he is opposed to annexations, and even has the brazenness to tell his constituents that the government is also opposed to annexations. I consider he is not acting in good faith. I believe his tactics are dishonorable.

A man who after Bethmann-Hollweg's declaration concerning indemnities in both the east and the west and concerning the enemies' deprivation of gateways by which to attack Germany in the future, a man who after that can say the government has no intention of annexing foreign territory, is either an idiot or—he knows better.

And if Scheidemann actually is incapable of extracting the government's designs from the chancellor's speeches, then his eyes might be opened by a perusal of the comments made by the "fatherland" press, especially the official ratifications of Bethmann-Hollweg's real intention published in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Evidently it is Scheidemann's purpose to deny Bethmann-Hollweg's hankerings for annexation so that he can be answerable to his comrades for un-

waveringly supporting the government's war policy. He maintains it is because of the enemy's not being prepared for peace that the German workers must keep up the fight.

But he doesn't say why they are not ready for peace, although he must know. Everybody else knows. They are not ready for peace just because of Germany's greed for annexation, which is something they will in no circumstances tolerate.

To be sure the chancellor often declared himself ready for peace—a German dictated peace. But the others don't want what he wants, that is, wide stretches of territory taken from the French, the Belgians, the Russians. Therefore, you can't help yourself, the war simply has to go on interminably with the expressed sanction of the Social-Democratic majority.

If Scheidemann really means to pursue Socialist tactics, the only sort he ought to pursue, he must not content himself with generalities on the desirability of peace, but say clearly and sharply, "The German Social Democracy is against all annexations. The chancellor must openly and unambiguously declare in the Reichstag that on this point he agrees with the Social Democrats; and the chancellor must also

declare himself prepared immediately to conclude peace on the basis of *no annexations.*"

If the chancellor were to do this and if his statement were to be made formally known, and if the enemy governments were still to refuse to enter into peace negotiations, then, and then only, would Scheidemann be justified in saying that they were not ready for peace. Bethmann-Hollweg's "very acceptable terms" of December 12, 1916, are utterly worthless.

An observant man cannot fail to notice that a large number of the Social Democrats are unable to escape the influence of the universal suggestion that is being exerted. They view the war and the political situation and even the economic situation in Germany itself in exactly the same way as the non-Socialists, the bourgeois. They see everything in the light of the official statements, which have never ceased to aim at a positively hectic optimism.

Since there is so little occasion for rejoicing, we have to resort for cheer to the occupied territory. "We are in the enemy's country!" Well, what if we are in the enemy's country? What's the good of it? Wherein lies the tremendous advantage of being nailed down in the trenches for years without being able to budge?

It's a prolonged agony. That's all. And how many more months are to pass the same way? To be sure, we are in the enemy's country, but, to compensate, the enemy has conquered all the German colonies, which have swallowed up so many of our millions, the enemy dominates all the seas, and the enemy controls all the products of the world for the purposes of an indefinite prolongation of the war.

To me the position of the Entente powers seems far more favorable than ours both in this respect and with respect to man-power. They can assuredly hold out longer than the enclosed Central Powers.

The greater number of the Social Democrats also seem to have adopted the perfectly impossible hopes of the successful issue of the war that are disseminated by the government in order to keep up the people's spirits.

"We want victory, we must have victory, and we *will* have victory!"

The ridiculous fable of an overwhelming decisive victory, or a victory, at least, resulting from the enemy's exhaustion still finds enough believers within the Social Democracy, even after all the disillusionments that Germany has now experienced.

There's nothing to be done against such a cherished self-deception. But it prevents the Socialists from

gathering themselves together, even if they wanted to, and saying: "We can no longer sanction the war. We can no longer be responsible for it by voting further war credits." That would still differentiate them markedly from the other parties of the Reichstag, and they would have the overwhelming majority of the people with them. Of this there can be no doubt.

Really, if the Fraction does not at last pull itself together, it will lose the bit of credit it still possesses. It will expose itself to the charge of caring as little for the people's sufferings as the other parties.

If the Social Democrats do not refuse to go on sanctioning the war, they will only be piling up their own guilt. But let them refuse now, and the people will see that they at least realize their mistake and are trying all they can to atone for the dreadful wrong of August 4, 1914.

May the Fraction come to a sense of its duty before it is too late!

XXVI

VICTORY, VICTORY!

Not a day without its victory. Victories everywhere, on the western front, and the eastern front, in Servia, on the Dardanelles, in the Caucasus, and God knows how many other places.

On all the battlegrounds, the daily inevitable victory.

And all of Germany's allies are having victories, too, the Austrians, the Bulgarians, the Turks, but chief of all the Germans themselves. The world has never seen anything to compare with it.

I believe the Central Powers are victorious in spite of themselves, in their very sleep.

And why so many victories? "We want victory, we must have victory, and we *will* have victory," because the Wolff Bureau has taken the matter in hand and procures victories for all the Central Powers alike.

The Wolff Bureau, which is one of the entrepreneurs in the business of war, has "organized" the victories. You can't get anything else but a victory. There's

nothing else to be had. No arrangements have been made for defeats. A special department for defeats would have to be organized, and of course there's no time for anything of the sort now. At any rate we don't need a department for defeats, since we're going to keep on having victories without interruption straight up to the glorious final victory.

But if in spite of all this, we do actually suffer a tiny defeat somewhere, why, then that's the enemy's boasting, or "the enemy has fabricated the defeat out of whole cloth." Not having achieved any successes by the sword, they have to launch a campaign of lies against us.

The Wolff Bureau gains victories on the water, too, not alone on land and in the air—in the Skager-Rack, as well as on the Black Sea—the color makes no difference. It could be having victories on the Yellow Sea and the Red Sea, too.

First and foremost, the Wolff Bureau obtained victories over the Austrian, Turkish, and Bulgarian news agencies, because they haven't got the same excellent "organization" as we and are a long way from understanding these matters as well as we do here in Berlin.

Probably the Austrians, the Turks and the Bulgarians would have had a hot time of it in the war if

the Wolff Bureau had not, out of the sheer goodness of its heart, stepped in and taken their part. They are lacking in imagination and inventiveness, and without these God-given qualities you can't have a real victory.

How long are we going to keep on having victories? As long as there are credulous people to believe in them, and we still have a goodly number of credulous people on hand.

The Wolff Bureau never lies. It says so itself. And therefore it must be true. Reuter and Havas lie. They carry on a veritable campaign of lies. No, the Wolff Bureau really doesn't lie. At the utmost it refrains now and then from telling the truth. But that's not the same as lying, no, not a bit.

"Wolff" is so engulfed in victories that in its obsession it forgets that even the best thing in the world must come to an end some time, otherwise it will pall. So oughtn't we be permitted to ask Wolff to give us a defeat? Perhaps a defeat would be a good way of ending the war. Our victories seem not to be bringing the end any nearer.

But am I expecting something out of the way? Is it that we are to triumph ourselves to death? To be sure, it would be a beautiful death, and we're not far

from it now, but still it would be a pity to die so soon, a pity, not for us, but for the Wolff Bureau. There wouldn't be anybody left to read its voracious reports of our daily victories.

XXVII

LIEBKNECHT

You are our star of hope, the hope of millions. At the mention of your name the first rays of peace and liberty dawn on the horizon.

No one who doesn't know your name knows what courage is, fiery courage and glorious unafraidness.

You stand by your conviction as firm as a rock in the seething waters. Threats, contempt, contumely, a degrading punishment have no power to make you waver from your belief.

You are a man, Liebknecht.

By force and oppression, in a thousand outrageous ways, the makers of the war try to keep all eyes closed that want to open to the light, the light of the truth which says that peace cannot come, the future of the people cannot be assured, by the shedding of blood and violence done to other nations.

The makers of the war cling convulsively to their so-called victories, which never will bring peace.

And the peace that victories might bring, a peace

that would mean the enslavement of humanity, would be too dreadful. God will never permit it.

The people must not find out that militarism knows of no ladder by which to bring them up out of the abyss into which it has plunged them. Therefore their mortal hate of Liebknecht, their vile persecution of him.

Unfortunately our unspeakable militarism finds enough men to help it, not only among those who profit by the war, but even among those who, like Liebknecht, were elected by the people to lead them along the road to liberty.

The men who should have no other fatherland than the whole of humanity, the men who at dozens of congresses received as the one rule of conduct the world-embracing doctrine of internationalism, these men in the hour of danger forgot their principles and turned themselves into hangmen for militarism.

It will be too late when these duped and deluded leaders wake up to the fact that they have been shamefully used as tools to sacrifice the whole people, not for the fatherland, not for the country's happy future, but for the profit of those who scorn the fatherland and are ready to murder it.

When these deluded deceivers make common cause with imperialism against Liebknecht—Liebknecht,

the man of vision, who sees farther ahead than they, Liebknecht who would tear the mask from off their faces—they become *particeps criminis* in the bloody assault upon peaceful nations, in the schemes of conquest and the outrageous orgies of race hatred willed by the maniac imperialism.

None of all his friends has the courage to follow Liebknecht. They leave him a prey to the Prussian Junkers, to the mortal enemies of the people, the mortal enemies of liberty. They leave him to a whole Reichstag, which attacks and ridicules him and has delivered him up to so-called justice.

They gagged him. He was asking uncomfortable questions and trying to make speeches. They wouldn't let him ask questions and make speeches. They overpowered him and knocked him down and beat him black and blue.

But the questions that Liebknecht wanted to ask are the questions the people are now asking; the speeches he wanted to make are the speeches they want to hear. And if nobody answers Liebknecht's questions, the people some day will answer them themselves and shriek the answers into the ears of those who betrayed them.

Yet, even if they did gag Liebknecht, the people now know what he tried to say, because it is their

own voice speaking out of his mouth. It is the outcry of millions suffering in stifled agony.

God save you, Liebknecht! The night of your imprisonment will soon be over. Soon you will be seeing the light of the dawn which will bring liberty to you and peace to mankind.

XXVIII

SWEEP BEFORE YOUR OWN DOOR

Every newspaper man has most shocking things to tell of Russian corruption, English hypocrisy, French vanity, and Italian perfidy.

He writes of these qualities with evident gusto and a specialist's knowledge of his subject, recounting all the outrages the enemy nations have been guilty of since their appearance in history, showing how wicked and ignorant even their so-called great men have been, and pointing out that these same great men have often been obliged to hold the mirror up to their own countrymen for them to see how much wickeder and more ignorant they are than even the great men, and also how deceitful, mean, hypocritical, coarse, lazy, foul-mouthed, cruel, tricky, perjured, greedy, lying, impudent, extravagant, ruffianly, and everything else.

So we Germans can sit comfortably back, full of righteous indignation, and let our enemies themselves pronounce sentence upon their people. In this respect for once the enemies happen to speak the truth.

We can save ourselves all the mental effort of exercising the very necessary duties of a judge. Moreover, we need not prove a single assertion. The enemies' great men must know even better than we what miserable curs their fellow-citizens are.

The German reader, favorably inclined at any rate, has been glad to believe what he sees in the papers and would be ready to believe still more.

Foreign newspapers carry almost daily reports of sharp criticisms launched in the various parliaments against the conduct of their respective administrations; and even the newspapers themselves do not refrain from faultfinding when things done by their governments do not please them; which seems to be the case quite frequently.

It does look, as a matter of fact, as though the "corrupt politicians" governing the enemy nations were utterly worthless. So different from here! Why, our government in all its existence *has never made a single mistake.*

Yes, there are all sorts of rumors afloat about the enemy nations. They must be a dreadful lot; their governments must be rotten to the core. An awful fate is in store for them.

The Wolff Bureau thrills with ecstasy over disagreements among the Entente Allies. Soon,

"Wolff" prophesies, their house of cards will come tumbling about their ears.

The German sees this black on white in his daily and swallows it whole. It's all true, he thinks. Why not? *We* don't have to lie. Only the enemy has to lie.

Why should the common run of the German people, who derive all their knowledge of foreign affairs from these veracious accounts, be permitted to suspect that the citizens of the enemy countries are free men and say what they feel like saying without let or hindrance from above? That they are allowed to criticize, in fact, feel an obligation to criticize, and that they exaggerate faults so as to make all the surer of correcting them?

No, the German need not and may not have any such suspicion. Foreign governments must be represented to him as thoroughly corrupt, so that he should rejoice in the evil conditions prevailing abroad and the perfect conditions prevailing at home.

If Michel were to suspect the true state of affairs it might occur to him—*might* but probably *wouldn't*—to wonder why all the other nations are governed by men with human failings, while Prusso-Germany is governed by infallible Prussian demi-gods. In the end he might begin to question whether after all our demi-gods are actually infallible or

whether they simply make it appear so by preventing all criticism.

The heralds of the press who proclaim the infallibility of the Prussian government and follow up the mistakes of the enemy governments like sleuths may, some of them, do so in good faith, only they seem to have lost all measure of the true state of affairs.

Most of them, however, are a bad, venal lot. They make capital of the present juncture, knowing very well how to secure good pay for their patriotic activity as watchdogs for the government.

They are the true pirates of public opinion and in the same honorable class as the war promoters and war profiteers.

The few persons in Germany who have preserved their level-headedness and coolness of judgment even in the stress of wartime and are incapable of exploiting the people's misfortune, have less of a chance now than ever in their own country. They may not move their lips.

Silence is imposed upon them, not because there is nothing to criticize in the government, but because our infallible government dreads them, being so fully conscious of its fallibility and wrongdoing that it needs the swords of a thousand censorship generals to guard it effectively against criticism.

Our government is in such a state of alarm that it has its infallibility proclaimed every day in every variety of pitch and tone.

If it has done no other wrong, it has at least committed the greatest wrong of all. It has brought about this war.

So, sweep before the enemy's door. Don't sweep before your own door. It might raise too much dust.

XXIX

THE PAN-GERMANS

Valiant Teutonic heroes of the beer table, simpletons partly and partly criminals!

Sensible people have had many a hearty laugh over these warriors of the tongue, who strut about, chests out like pouters, these starched-collar clerks who sit warming their seats the whole day long, these school teachers and professors who dish up chauvinistic nonsense and turn the heads of poor callow youths.

Who in Germany doesn't know them and their distorted views of men and the world? We are all familiar with them from our school days up.

The larger number of Germans never recover from the strange ideas with which they have been inoculated in school. They always see international relations in the same peculiar perspective. The few of us who in spite of all the difficulties in the way have succeeded in lifting ourselves out of the mire of Pan-Germanism have had many a hard fight to fight with ourselves.

Ah, we see our valiant warriors, all puffed up, marching along triumphantly, marching on to Val-

halla, Herr school teacher and Herr professor and Herr assistant district attorney, all marching along seated at their beer table and amid high discourse healing the world of all its wounds * by means of their excellent *Teutschtum.*†

They empty their seidels to the health of a world that is to be *teutsch* from ocean to ocean. Nothing less will do.

The uninstructed observer would take them to be nothing but a lot of innocents whose ideas have no bearing upon actuality.

An egregious misconception. In the Teutonic comedy that they are enacting, shrewd calculation is playing an important rôle. They know very well that their *Teutschtum* is being looked down upon benevolently from up above, that a high value is put upon them for their aid in stultifying the rising generation, and that they have a better prospect of quick promotion the more insistently they display their enthusiasm for Germanism and the fatherland.

How often we've been irritated or tickled, as the case may be, by the Pan-German professors who prove scientifically that Dante or Michelangelo or Leonardo da Vinci were not Italians but good old Germans.

* A reference to a patriotic song.

† *-Deutschtum,* meaning Germanism.

All of us have met the professors who hunt through the pages of foreign history for the one object of finding famous men who can possibly be made into Germans by means of scientific humbuggery.

Is there a single man of renown beginning with Praxiteles or Alexander the Great or even Homer whom these professors have allowed to remain with the nation to which they were born? On the contrary, they have put out their hands to grab them like a naughty child trying to snatch away another child's toys.

They have taken possession of all the great men to transfer them to their German Valhalla. For it is impossible, say the Pan-German Michels, utterly impossible, that any one belonging to another nation should ever have done anything great or good.

The journalistic satellites of the Pan-Germans, the "fatherland" newspapers, like the *Münchner Neueste Nachricthen,* have shrewdly calculated for the good of their own business that it pays to flatter the public, which has no powers of independent judgment. So the press is always ready to blazon forth the great German "scientific" discoveries, since it must greatly flatter Herr butcher Wammerl or Herr baker Kipferl when, reading his paper over his cup of coffee, he sees that this great Italian or that eminent

Greek (of whom he has never before heard, to be sure, but who must be great, because the newspaper says he is great) is really not an Italian and not a Greek but a *Deitscher*,* a German, just as much of a German as he is himself.

Sometimes it makes your blood boil in your veins to see all the stultifying, mendacious nonsense that appears in the Pan-German newspapers. The makers of public opinion are fools, race-baiters, men who traffic in misleading thought. But they understand the times they are living in most excellently. Their large editions and advertisement pages prove that they do.

Who weighs their share of the guilt in the slaughter of the nations now raging? It is enormous. Shrewdly cultivating a whole nation's megalomania, the Pan-German press and its backers have for years been systematically fomenting race hatred and have been piling up inflammable material for the great explosion that has just gone off.

The Pan-German chauvinists have first-rate sources of information. In the spring of 1914 they already knew that there would be war in the summer of 1914. No wonder. They are in close touch with the gov-

* *-Deutscher,* meaning "a German."

ernment and with the policy of William II, whose ideals are near enough to their own.

What better proof can you want that the Pan-Germans knew of the war beforehand than the campaign for Red Cross funds launched by the Pan-German press in May, 1914, and given such tremendous publicity and accompanied by such mysterious, sinister allusions? They could hardly have chosen a plainer way to tell the German people what was coming.

The Pan-German agitators knew full well that matters had gone as far as this and that the Red Cross would soon be having something to do.

They knew when the thing would come off and that the seeds of national hatred which they had persistently sowed were now sprouting and ripening and awaiting the reaper.

These Pan-German criminals, these Herr school teachers and Herr professors, and Herr clerks and Herr butchers and bakers, bear their full measure of guilt for the blood now being shed throughout the world.

XXX

THE CENSORSHIP

"THE eavesdropper hearkens to tales of his own disgrace."

This old German maxim serves well as a preface to observations on the way censorship is practiced here in Germany.

When one reads the adjurations and threats directed to travelers, which appear at least once a week; when one hears that at the border travelers' visiting cards and newspapers and even train schedules are mercilessly confiscated, one realizes that the Prussians must be terribly afraid that the truth may leak out about the conditions in Germany.

Evidently, it is in the fear of not being able to conceal their "own disgrace," that they take to eavesdropping and nosing about in all printed and written matter to see if there isn't something mortifying to themselves in it.

Their bad conscience reveals itself in a perfectly absurd dread. But nobody is to notice it. So they tell the public that the eavesdropping is done for the

sake of military information. None but a simpleton would believe that. How in the name of common sense is an ordinary German to secure military information outside of what appears in all the dailies? It would be a miracle if he could.

Censorship may be necessary in wartime. Liberty-loving France has it, and also democratic England. And in actual practice it is not so much a matter of whether there is censorship or not as the way censorship is handled, so that in this respect as well as in the many other respects mentioned in this book the difference between practice in Germany and practice in democratic countries becomes instantly apparent.

The democratic governments, it is noticeable, have nothing to conceal either from their own people or from the outside world, and censorship is actually limited to such things as may be of direct use to the enemy. Nor could it be otherwise. The people themselves have a voice in the conduct of affairs and can let the administration know to what extent they are prepared to restrict themselves for their country's sake.

But as for Germany! The people here have nothing to say. They must simply stand stiff as soldiers

on drill and keep their mouths shut. They are never asked what they want, most certainly not.

The first act of our government in the war was to place the nation in a state of siege. No other belligerent country has done that. Militarism was made absolute lord and master over every living, breathing thing in Germany.

Intolerable restrictions were imposed on the people, who were deprived of the right even to say whether or not they would or could bear these restrictions.

Prussian militarism gave orders, and the people obeyed; and ever since the outbreak of the war the sword alone has held sway in the land over every province of human life, by no means excepting spiritual matters. What a tremendous opportunity the state of siege has given militarism for suppressing the last remnant of the people's right to self-determination!

It was not every day that such opportunities presented themselves to militarism, even in the police state of Prusso-Germany, and nobody, therefore, would expect militarism to avail itself of the opportunities in any way but one thoroughly corresponding to its character.

For these few years, therefore, the genuine Prus-

sian spirit has held sole sway in the land, and the censorship sword, wielded by a general who was probably too stupid for war operations, has had absolute authority over the whole nation.

A man who had spent his entire life, apparently in vain, trying to get into his noddle the science of the best and quickest way to kill the largest number of human beings, whose one study was the dealing of death and destruction, was suddenly called to guide the mind of the great German nation and give it a rule of conduct.

To be sure, he cannot make many mistakes in his administration. He has an infallible guide, the assurance that everything must be absolutely subordinated to the interests of militarism.

The welfare of the people, even the most urgent needs are taken into consideration only in so far as they promote the aims of militarism.

Therefore, anybody who awakens men's lowest instincts and incites men to hatred and bloodshed may be sure of meeting with full approval and active support.

The more bloodthirsty a man's utterances, the more vociferous and insistent the patriot, and the more praiseworthy his sentiments.

Every noble impulse of the human spirit, all rea-

son, every move for conciliation, is suppressed as out of place or premature.

This is what they call "civil peace." It has a frightful resemblance to the peace of the grave. In fact, it is the grave of the spirit, no opponent of continued murder having the chance to express his opinion and so disturb the "civil peace."

This, of course, greatly promotes the objects of militarism. The masses depend for their ideas upon what they read in print, and only the fewest ever stop to think that the reason they are given nothing else to read is that nothing else may be published.

The censorship is supposed to serve another purpose beside the influencing of the people at home. It ought to mold public opinion abroad also and give the outside world an impression of the genuine existence of unity in Germany. A pious wish, however. Our censorship does nothing of the sort.

The outside world is not so easily to be deceived. Even the keenest of censorships and the most arrogant of assertions won't hide cold facts except for a brief period.

Moreover, the utter indignation of men enraged by the attempted enslavement of their souls finds its way into other countries through a thousand channels,

and there secures a publicity denied them in their own country.

What a sublime feeling must animate the Prussian Junkers to-day when they see their dream of trampling upon the spiritual life of the German nation so gloriously realized. At last they can do without restraint what they have long been entirely prevented from doing, that is, they can simply use the sword of the censor to forbid what doesn't suit them.

They need not give any reasons for a prohibition. There is a magic phrase that suffices, "state of siege." How simple, how gloriously easy!

The state of siege has stood the test so thoroughly that the Junkers are dreaming of keeping it up even in times of peace. Can there be anything lovelier, they think, than the mild words, "civil peace" and "unity"?

They don't go about the censorship openly, but try to keep it invisible; which is a bit of secretiveness and dissimulation highly indicative of the true Prussian spirit.

They are ready to practice censorship in the most unscrupulous fashion. But don't let people see there is censorship. Make them believe that what they read in the papers is the true uninfluenced opinion of the large public.

Such cowardly dishonesty, such crafty deception of the public, joined to a dread of responsibility, reveal a depth of immorality to which it could scarcely be believed a class of people would sink.

This sort of censorship has been reserved for Prusso-Germany alone, and if anything, it is the Prussian censorship that shows the low place that our country has taken among the civilized nations.

XXXI

PRUSSIAN MILITARISM

"WHERE should we be now if it weren't for Prussian militarism? Prussian militarism is the one thing that has saved us from being crushed."

A vapid remark, yet one repeated again and again and uttered in tones of the profoundest conviction. The German is so ensnared in the ideas of militarism, and its catchwords have become so intimate a part of his being, that he can see nothing but a justification of militarism even in the fact of this war. He simply can't help himself.

If you say to him, "My dear man, you're wrong. It's the very reverse. We shouldn't be having the war now if it were not for Prussian militarism," he opens his eyes uncomprehendingly. There isn't one German in a thousand who gets at the truth of the situation.

The absolute necessity for militarism seems to have been hammered into every German's cranium so hard that if you try to get the idea out of his head, his brains come along with it.

The picture the German has formulated of the world would dissolve into nothingness were he to attempt to conceive of it minus militarism. The constant repetition of catchwords has crippled his powers of independent thought.

If you want to go at the thing with him scientifically and dig down for the roots, he asserts that militarism is in accord with the Germanic character. He forgets that his native land is Germanic in only a very limited degree and is strongly shot through with Slavic elements.

The nations that are akin to the Prussians, while of far purer Germanic stock than the fathers of militarism, do not cultivate militarism as an end in itself. The Swiss, the Dutch, the Danes, and the Swedes have no love for this Prussian institution. Southern and western Germany are militaristic because they have been Prussianized.

If one wants to obtain a proper estimate of the value or lack of value of militarism for the world in general and the German people in particular, the first question one must ask is whether its basic tendencies are constructive or destructive. The answer is obvious, especially after the experiences in this war. Any man free from prejudice and unhampered by a glut of catchwords in his brain will find only the one

answer. He needs no scientific authorities to guide him.

Those who profit by militarism have never been at a loss to justify it. Defense of the fatherland, they say, is its main task and next to that the expansion of Germany's trade.

But our fatherland needed no defense. It was not attacked. It did the attacking. The German declarations of war against France and Russia make that plain. And as for the expansion of Germany's trade, it had better been left to our German merchants, who have devoted themselves to this pursuit with energy and success for centuries—with more success doubtless than militarism will ever be able to place to its credit.

On examination, both causes given for the necessity of militarism burst like a pricked bubble. They are threadbare pretexts for bringing on the "joyous war" for which militarism had long been preparing and ardently yearning. Militarism has never been at a loss to find a cause for war. Any pretext will do.

The real task of Prussian militarism, beside that of killing and destroying, lies in a field very remote from defense of the people and the expansion of trade. It has to do with something directly opposed

to the people's welfare. For that reason its real task is cleverly kept concealed.

The real task of Prussian militarism is to maintain antiquated conditions in Germany, conditions that without its steady support would have passed long ago. Militarism must uphold the Prussian throne as well as the thrones of the twenty-one other federated kingdoms and principalities. This is its sole task in times of peace, and it is for this purpose that the Germans have spent untold millions.

Militarism by its strong-handed methods forces upon the German people the ridiculous rule of twenty-two idlers, with their princes and princesses and everything else thereunto appertaining.

Militarism and divine right, one as absurd as the other in modern times, ought long ago to have been shattered to pieces against the resistance of a civilized nation. The world would then have been spared the awful visitation of this war. As it is, a united world, a world in the throes of an immense agony, is needed to make the German people see what the real thing at issue in the war is. The world must fight *for the liberation of the German people* against the German people themselves.

It is in this sense that we must take the English minister when he said that the allies did not wish to

crush the German nation or interfere with its peaceable activities, but that militarism must be crushed, and for this the allies had the will and the power.

So be it. The German people have nothing to fear. Militarism has everything to fear.

XXXII

ASININITIES

THE Herr Rector magnificus of the Berlin University posts an announcement on the bulletin board. According to the traditional custom, he affixes his signature, and puts after it all his titles and degrees and honors.

Among the honors is listed the fact that His Magnificence is a member of almost all the academies of the world except the Paris academy, from which he is "honorably" excluded.

You look at the bulletin board and clutch your head in despair. After these long, long months of war, of the most horrible blood bath the world has ever experienced, the same professorial asininity.

We found an excuse for the awful idiocy of the German professors, who were to "enlighten" the neutrals (though all they succeeded in doing was in proving that they themselves needed enlightening), in the excitement of the outbreak of the war.

After the many more things that these shining lights of science have since then let fall regarding the

war, I find that their excitement was highly exaggerated. At any rate, the asininity recorded on the bulletin board cannot claim excitement in its excuse.

We have come to perceive that the average German professor's intelligence has been vastly overestimated. His "excited enlightening" of neutrals proves that it has. An ass is an ass even when excited.

What but asininity could have impelled the Herr Rector after several years of warfare to post this, to say the least, superfluous remark on the bulletin board?

Does he think it was a particularly brilliant remark, in the most perfect taste? Does he count upon the unthinking crowd's approval of his splendid act as a proud friend of the fatherland? And does he take the Berlin academicians for the unthinking crowd? They are the only ones for whom the announcement was meant.

Who can follow the processes of a professor's mind?

Only one thing comes out of the various pronunciamentoes issued by the German professors in the course of this horrible war, and that is, that the German professors have not succeeded in taking an attitude toward the awful event which is based upon humanity and common sense.

They are still just as prejudiced and uncompre-

hending as at the beginning of the war. As far as I can see, there are many workingmen and peasants who formulate infinitely more sensible ideas of the origin, duration, and probable outcome of the war.

In no circumstances has professorial perception of actuality ever been particularly keen, so that the people have never placed much reliance in the capabilities of professors as politicians. As witness the verse written long ago to the Frankfurter Bundestag, that parliament of professors *par excellence.*

"Professors fifty and five score!
O fatherland, you'll suffer sore."

Following times have only confirmed the popular opinion.

But, thank goodness! there are exceptions even among German professors. There are a few of them that show a human, unprejudiced reaction to the war. Yet alas, alas, these are the refined souls who shrink from publicity, so that it is the others alone who get the people's ears.

Their day, however, is coming. Some think it is already here!

For the present the donkeys hold the stage and fill the ears of the people with their braying, sure

of the people's applause. Their cleverness, their courage now come into full appreciation. Which is the reason, probably, for the opinion that there are no sensible professors at all but only—donkeys and donkeys.

XXXIII

BLUFF!

Bluff Number One: The U-Boat Warfare

BLUFF! Prussian bluff! I still see myself standing on the Marienplatz in Munich on a February afternoon in 1915. A crowd was besieging the open-air bulletin boards, and it was a long time before I could elbow my way through and read the news. What was it? One of our daily victories? Scarcely. A victory would not draw such numbers. We had got used to victories.

The people who turned and made their way out of the throng had a serious, thoughtful expression on their faces. So, no victory this time.

At last I could see for myself what it was. The announcement of the U-boat warfare.

In brief curt words the admiralty proclaimed that English transport ships crossing the Channel would be sunk. Nothing more or less.

It struck me like a thunderbolt. And apparently it produced the same effect upon every one who read

the news. My knees shook. I was all excitement. The menace to England was really serious now. The English transports were to be sunk.

Why, yes, it was very simple. You had the troops all neatly gathered together on the ships, and our soldiers would be spared the nuisance of fighting them in France and Belgium.

You already had a vision of the whole thing. You saw the torpedoed vessels going down and countless Tommies splashing about in the icy water and then disappearing.

After the nerve-racking announcement, we waited, waited greedily, and kept on waiting, and still are waiting. So far not a single English transport has been sunk. Oh, yes, just one. One has been sunk in the columns of the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten.* Every last man on board went down with the vessel.

Bluff! Prussian bluff!

Bluff Number Two: Prussia's Wealth

On every fitting and unfitting occasion Herr Helfferich tells us proudly of Prussia's enormous wealth. How lightly he conjures up millions for the war! Requires no machinery for it at all.

But contrast his high-sounding phrases with the

tremendous campaign carried on to raise the war loans. Not the tiniest, remotest Bavarian village escapes. That humble soliciting, that begging even of children and the poor to sacrifice their pennies on the altar of the fatherland, that influencing of the people's minds through school teachers and public officials—a remarkable contrast to Helfferich's phrases. So what, in the light of this contrast, becomes of the vast Prussian wealth upon which Herr Helfferich keeps harping?

If our minister of finance were actually as rich as he says he is, he shouldn't have to go whining and begging and forcing us here in Bavaria to give up our all in return for bits of hideously printed paper, which, according to all human calculations, will in the end be good for nothing but wrapping up sausages.

Herr Helfferich's most brilliant performance is the comparison he draws in every speech between Prussia's wealth and abundance and England's dearth and poverty. Not to mention the other nations.

Why, Herr Helfferich wouldn't do them the honor of even comparing them with Prussia.

Poor Brittania is the one country to enjoy the privilege, but only so that Prussia may shine the more brightly by contrast.

Can a man of experience doubt the true purpose of

this ridiculous braggadocio? To throw sand in Michel's eyes. Then will Michel willingly give up his last penny. And if Herr Helfferich needs Michel's shirt for the fatherland, then will Michel take the shirt off his back, too.

Herr Helfferich is supposed also to work upon foreign nations and extract money from them, too. He'd be glad to take whatever he can get. Unfortunately, however, he gets nothing.

The foreigners are not so stupid as to stake their money on the losing horse. They are disrespectful enough not to believe in Prussia's fabulous wealth. They say it is all bluff, Prussian bluff.

Bluff Number Three: Prussian Organization

And our organization! That marvelous Prussian organization, unexcelled, inimitable!

That organization for the mutual and public admiration of the glorious qualities and achievements of the Prussian bureaucrats! That organization for proclaiming the overwhelming superiority of the Prussian organization.

What else the organization may have accomplished is still hidden from the exoteric.

Even the organizer of organizers, the Prussian

food dictator, has not produced a change. To him, too, the main thing all along has simply been publicity for the incomparable organization.

He puffs and swells himself enormously, talking commonplaces, puffs himself even more than the other organizers, and—lets everything be just as it has been.

The people suffer want and starve. It is to be hoped the Herr Food Dictator is not suffering want and starving.

He "the strong man," is nothing but a tight-rope dancer balancing himself carefully between the unscrupulous greed of the Prussian agrarians and the wrath of the starving people.

Isn't potato bread rarer than cake in peace times? Aren't our supplies of potatoes, sugar, eggs, meat, all necessities in short, so close to the margin that they are enough to keep us from dying but not enough to keep us living? Aren't we down to the very lowest already and isn't what is left so outrageously high in price that the people cannot buy the things most essential to life?

The middle class has been ruined, reduced to the proletariat. No business succeeds unless the head of it is a thorough cheat and has secured government contracts, besides.

The famous organizers shrug their shoulders. "The natural consequences of war," they say. They don't like to hear of misery and starvation. It doesn't fit in with the picture they draw to deceive themselves and others, the picture of the wonderful adaptation of the nation's economic life to the war.

Yes, but if you don't want to hear of the nameless woe that the war has brought upon millions of your countrymen, then why, you spawn of the devil, why did you make war? Why, if all you can attend to is killing and massacring and destroying and burning and laying waste?

Massacring and destroying and burning are things, to be sure, that you have organized well, you criminals. But it's easier to do that than to build up or create useful values.

Your whole "organization" is destruction. The building up you will have to leave to others.

Your organization is bluff, nothing but bluff. Prussian fraud.

Bluff Number Four: the Universities

We opened a university in Warsaw and one in Ghent, presumably for the spread of Prussian culture among the nations of Poland and Belgium.

So far we have had no news regarding the university in Belgium, except that a Flemish poet coldly but courteously declined Prussia's proud gift. It seems Ghent has no professors or students, but we've just tried to secure some by way of Holland, and we shall have to wait to see with what success.

Apparently the Belgians have already acquired the right conception of Prussian culture—even without a university—through the destruction of Louvain and Antwerp and through the thousands of deportations. They desire no further proofs of its superiority. The ungrateful curs!

The Polish university, on the other hand, is flourishing and active, except that there are no Poles connected with it. With omission of the Poles, it is a thoroughly international university.

German and Austrian professors here instruct the scions of that ancient race whose ancestors passed across the Red Sea and later established trading settlements in and around Jerusalem.

There are rumors afloat among the initiated that Servia is the next in order. This beautiful country is to be blessed with a great art academy in which the Slavs are to become acquainted with the genuine *kgl.** Prussian art. The proper successors of Knackfuss

* Common abbreviation for königlich, "royal."

and Anton von Werner are already on their way to Belgrade.

His Majesty's well-known art magazine, *Völker Europa's wahrt eure heiligsten Güter,** has been given them to bring along in order to show the Servians what art really is. The requisite drill ground for art has been plotted out, and we shall soon be drilling the young Servian artists with: "Present brushes! Right dress! Left dress!"

Nor is Montenegro to be left without attention. The Montenegrins must not be allowed to suffer for their king's naughty behavior.

Cettinje is to be endowed with a musical conservatory, because in the mountains there, the sounds echo and reëcho so prettily. The chief subject of instruction will be trumpeting.

The imperial conqueror of Montenegro, as is known, places the greatest value upon trumpeting, because it is the loudest music, and after all his unheard-of victories on all the battlefields of Europe, he wants none but trumpeters to accompany him wherever he goes, even if his movements are to be kept secret.

They say a whole regiment of trumpeters is to be

* Nations of Europe, Preserve Your Most Sacred Treasures.

got together, and so there will be a great demand for men with good, strong lungs.

Thus, the Prussian authorities look out in fatherly fashion for all the people that have had the good luck to be invaded by them.

Of course, always in the field of "Kultur," because that is what they are most familiar with and because it costs them nothing. They simply compel the respective countries to maintain and pay for these Prussianizing institutions.

Another great advantage of the universities and acadamies is that on the opening days bombastic speeches can be made on the superiority of German culture over all the other so-called cultures, attention thus being drawn to the fact that we are not barbarians, as so many mean people want the world to believe.

In view of such great cultural deeds it matters little that the people in the subjugated lands who have escaped death by fire or sword are left to starve, while the little they have managed to save for barely keeping themselves alive is taken from them and sent on to Prussia.

The world hears nothing of the shrieks of agony of these dying men, women and children. Prussia squeezes the throats of its victims too tight for the

neutrals to catch a sound. And yet sometimes the death rattle of a starving victim reaches the ears of the outside world. But when it does, why, it's not true, it's the malicious invention of our enemies.

Oh, bloody mockery of culture and humanity, these universities and academies amid subjugated victims, amid mortals dying of hunger. Did any one in the ravaged countries invite the bearers of culture in? Why do they insult those whom they have trodden underfoot with their hollow gifts?

Even in destroying and murdering they haven't the courage to be open about it and at least stick to nothing but the job that brought them there.

Bluff Number Five: Peace

All the chancellors that succeeded each other to office during the war have wanted to conclude peace. They have had their fill of bloodshed and refuse to assume responsibility for the continued slaughter of the nations.

They are so peace-loving, so ready for peace! But our enemies are not satisfied. They have not seen enough blood spilled yet.

This is what the chancellors keep telling us over and over again. They are such dear, good souls. They can't bear to see blood shed.

The enemies should just look at the map! If they look at the map, they can gather the exact situation from it and conclude peace accordingly.

But they don't want to. They say you can't tell from the German war map, and there are considerably larger maps in this world-war which, however, the chancellors apparently do not possess. They say there's a map of the world, and on that map things look very different.

What insolence!

So then our enemies want to keep the war up? Well and good. Nothing could be better. They shall have the war they want. But every day the war goes on increases our demands, enlarges the territory that we shall wrest from them as security for their good behavior in the future.

Donnerwetter, they shall have their war!

But now they're trembling, we hope. They're shivering and shaking, because the territory to be annexed is growing bigger every day, and soon will be so big that the only thing left them, each enemy in his own country, will be a spot with a tree on it for them to hang themselves on.

Nevertheless, in spite of this dismal prospect, they keep on fighting.

Can it be that the enemy has his supicions that all

this stuff about territory is bluff, nothing but Prussian fraud? Has he any notion of the fact that the more arrogant the Prussian claims, the nearer is the great crash in Germany?

Many a time have the chancellors declared themselves ready for—a German dictated peace. And how did the enemy respond to their magnanimity? By laughing at them, simply laughing at them. They don't believe they've been beaten. They don't believe they ever will be beaten. They're just beginning in real good earnest.

And they don't even look at the map that the chancellors keep sticking under their noses. They say it's bluff, sheer Prussian bluff.

XXXIV

QUELLE BÊTISE

SHORTLY after the outbreak of the war, some few weeks or months later, the German newspapers all carried an interview that a German reporter had had with the French ambassador in Berlin *after* diplomatic relations had been broken off between France and Germany.

Monsieur Cambon, having granted the interview shortly before his enforced departure from the Prussian capital, was naturally very brief, and confined himself chiefly to the expression of how stupid the war was—*quelle bêtise.*

The interview, it goes without saying, was not served to the German public in its simple form, but dressed with the customary superabundance of spices and sauces—I beg pardon, gravy, its own dish gravy. Everybody was to be given a taste of how sensibly the German government had acted. What was a *bêtise* to the French ambassador and his country was necessarily the very reverse to Germany.

I am often made to think of that long-ago incident

when here in a neutral country I discuss the war and its causes with neutrals and over and over again hear some one say, "What stupidity!"

What did Germany want? What was lacking to make her completely happy? She had everything, the largest, best-equipped and best-managed army in the world, a navy which in its brand-new modernity excelled all other navies except the old English navy, and this it was not so very far from approaching. German science and technology played a highly important part in the world; German industry and trade were on the highroad to conquering all markets. Everywhere German capital was being employed, and the German technician and German engineer were omnipresent. Then what did Germany want? Why the war? Germany was on the point of conquering the world without removing her sword from the scabbard.

Why the war?

In a foreign country one gains perspective in observing things about one's own country. One gets a keener insight into the larger relations. From close by one sees an inextricable confusion of details, the nuts, pins, screws, cogs, wheels, pistons of a huge machine. From afar the thing ceases to be a puz-

zling multiplicity and becomes the one, great, powerful machine, Germany.

That was before the war. But now? Yes, you ask in grief, "What was it that Germany wanted?" A comparison between to-day and the yesterdays before the war brings nothing but profound pity. What has the war done to this flourishing nation?

Was it not a monumental piece of stupidity to bring this gigantic machine to a standstill with one jerk? Was it not sheer idiocy?

Where is the young German merchant now, the technician, the engineer? Rotting alive in the slime of the trenches, if not resting forever in one of the wholesale graves of the countless battlefields, or hobbling about, a helpless human ruin.

Do the Germans think that the offices, shops and factories that formerly provided jobs will open again to those who will be left over after the pitiless slaughter comes to an end? Do they think that after the war a German will be able to take the place that he held in a foreign country and that he gave up full of enthusiasm for the war?

Profound disillusionment is in store for any one who cherishes such hopes. The Germans are no longer wanted. Each individual among them is held responsible for the frightfulness that has been in-

flicted upon humanity. Doors everywhere will be closed to them, if for no other reason than that others long ago took their places who will not let themselves be ousted so lightly.

As for German capital, which was engaged everywhere on the globe making wealth for Germany, it is no longer on hand ready for competition. It has been converted into war loans.

But apart from economic considerations, hasn't the war been utterly stupid from the militaristic point of view, too? That magnificent, enormous army was in truth the "glittering guard" of the "supreme warlord," and so was the German navy, with its proud swift coursers of the sea. They both made a fitting and magnificent background for the pomp-and-glory loving representative of a great nation. But not only that. The mere latent threat of so tremendous an instrument for destruction sufficed to keep every nation from serious resistance to Germany's will.

Where is this great host now? What has become of the bugaboo of all of Germany's "enemies"? What does our army look like after these many months of the most fearful warring, after a hopeless, endless struggle against all the nations of the world and against all the war-machines of the world? Not much more than a ruin. Not much more than a big pile

of men, more or less shattered in health, damaged in mind and body. All of them hopeless, dejected, utterly robbed of their pride, because in the bottom of their hearts they know and feel that they have nothing to defend, nothing of theirs having been attacked. They realize it was criminal stupidity, and that alone, which urged them into the war and keeps urging and urging them.

But no! Not stupidity any longer. Now it is a cold-blooded, diabolically cold-blooded, risk-all game, when the nation about to fall to the ground from exhaustion is whipped up on to its feet again with the despicable lie that England, the "enemy-in-chief," wants to crush the German people and rob them of what belongs to them—take at least half of each German's property and reduce him to a slave. Something of the sort is what the German nation is asked to believe, and it seems it does believe it. The nation of poets and thinkers is expected to believe such stuff! Yet the nation of poets and thinkers comes up to expectations. One despairs of the good sense of the German nation.

Is there a searchlight strong enough to reveal to this nation's eyes the real meaning of these desperate assertions?

They are an avowal by the German government

that the game is lost; and it is simply putting off the day when the people must come to the same realization, when the crash will be apparent to all—like a player hoping for salvation through some happy chance.

Is there a voice eloquent enough to convince the German people that their future is not in danger; that no one is thinking of doing them any harm; that the menace was only against those who made a profession of keeping mankind in one state of alarm; that these men were the *only* ones whom the world wanted to render harmless; and that these men *will* be rendered harmless even if the German people in their infatuation shed many more streams of blood for their sake.

It is not the English government that wants to rob the German people of what rightfully belongs to them, and reduce them to slavery. It is the German government. The German government is already stealing their possessions and giving them useless bits of paper in return. And as for being reduced to slavery, why the German people have been living in slavery a long time already. They don't have to be reduced.

When will Michel wake up? Isn't even the ceaseless thunder of cannon on all sides loud enough to

rouse him and make him take off his nightcap at least and rub his eyes and look around?

Or does the German nation want to go on to the end competing with the idiocy of its government, which began the slaughter of nations without the faintest consciousness either of its responsibility or the consequences of the war? The nation itself, not the government, had to pay for this stupidity with ever more and more sacrifices. The government is not denying itself anything, or starving or bleeding to death. The government is simply standing behind the people with the whip in its hand.

XXXV

CONCERNING THE PRUSSIAN SPIRIT

It still makes my stomach turn when I think of the convention of "true Prussians" that took place in Berlin in 1913.

They foregathered from all corners of the Empire east of the Elbe for the mutual admiration of their divine Prussianism, and also to rub their incomparable virtues into the skin of an astonished Germany.

It was at this convention, too, that the expression, "Prussian spirit" was baptized. Henceforth, the Prussian spirit was to permeate the stupid South-Germans like yeast in flour and was to raise them to the glorious heights of Prussianism.

If anybody in Bavaria has forgotten this world-stirring convention, he will probably remember it when I recall that one of the main events connected with it was a speech held by a Prussian general, in which he sounded the praises of the Prussians and their courage in the Franco-Prussian War and contrasted it with the cowardice the Baravians showed,

among other places, at Orleans. "When the Prussians come, we too get courage."

A fact that was confirmed at the convention, though scarcely needing confirmation, having already been sufficiently well recognized, was that the most prominent trait of the Prussian spirit is braggadocio. In this "great time" of the war nothing has turned out to be truer.

One gets more and more nauseated as one follows the publicity given the most stupendous revelation of the Prussian spirit, the Prussian organization, that unexcelled organization, the food administration.

At the outset, when supplies left over from peace times were still abundant, it functioned excellently well. But when one article after another gave out and the larger part of the population had to begin to draw in its belt, they grew a bit less vociferous, and sometimes a discord sounded in the complacent cackling.

The Prussian spirit, so loud-mouthed and obtrusive, is scarcely more than a caricature of good human qualities. Aristocracy of feeling, unassuming virtue are utterly foreign to it. It recognizes no law, no rights where its own advantage is concerned. It considers that its brutal "necessity knows no law" emanates from the loftiest morality, and "necessity," in

its opinion, arises merely if some one resists its lust for subjugation and does not allow himself to be beaten down without hitting back.

The Prussian spirit, therefore, need regard no law based upon justice and humanity. Enough if one dares not to want what it wants.

Indeed, what could justice and humanity mean to this spirit of the petty tyrant?

Brute force, that's all it has understanding for, brute force. Humanity? An incomprehensible concept. Every good, noble sentiment that a kind Creator has implanted in the human breast, everything that strives for development in the genial rays of humane feeling and humane thinking congeals into ice under the black, barbarous Prussian spirit.

It is actually impossible to give strangers, or even our own fellow-countrymen, a convincing description of the peculiar frosty superciliousness of the Prussians, with their division into strictly defined castes.

The upper classes display a sense of superiority toward those they deem below them that makes a non-Prussian absolutely mad—and makes him laugh, too, it's so absurd.

The trait comes out markedly in the Reichstag. There you may observe the "noblest of the nation," the Prussian Junkers, converse with the bourgeois

delegates, and especially with the Socialist delegates, in a tone implying that these have no right to claim membership in the human race.

One really cannot even attempt to describe the genuine Prussian spirit. Suffice it to say that it is unsympathetic to the last degree. One of its main traits, haughtiness, is all the more incomprehensible as you search in vain for the least justification for it. And yet they're so puffed up and uppish, these wretched little Junker country-squires.

The Junkers treat the middle class with annoying condescension, and the middle class in its turn treats the working class with annoying condescension. And so does the higher official treat the lower official. Each wants the other to feel his power.

The natural way the "inferiors" accept this treatment from the "superiors" is amazing. "Bend to those above you, oppress those below you" is the stamp and seal on intercourse among the various Prussian castes.

The Junkers' manners show lack of a genuine culture, of an old culture, of a good breeding that does not fear it will detract from itself by treating the lowliest as fellowmen in a courteous friendly way. There is a grotesque uncertainty in their way of dealing with persons in humbler walks of life. They waver be-

tween an insulting, arrogant inaccessibility and a scornful condescension.

The classic period of the Prussian spirit, when it reached its highest development, extends from 1870 to 1914.

The world has become familiar with it, as familiar as it ever wants to be.

Its blood-and-iron menace has burdened humanity all-too long. Therefore, it is drawing near to its end. Therefore, the world must at last be relieved of its oppression, growing more burdensome daily.

This condition, by which a nation politically more backward than China terrorizes the whole world through the constant holding up of a threat, must not be allowed to last any longer. The Prussian people themselves, apparently, have neither the will nor the strength to overthrow a despotic dynasty, which is the refuge of everything reactionary in the world. They have neither the will nor the strength to chase the rulers out of the land and make themselves into a free nation.

So outsiders have to come and prevent the Prussian government from molding the destinies of Europe as it has done from 1870 to 1914.

All inventions and discoveries are commandeered by the Prussian spirit in the service of death and de-

struction. Everything must be subordinated to militaristic purposes. And the Prussian spirit is proud of this.

It finds nothing to do for the elevation and liberation of humanity.

What a wonderful, delightful spectacle was the first Zeppelin that breasted the winds with thunderous motors. The slim fish diving in the air was a beautiful sight. But what did the base Prussian spirit do with this triumphant achievement of man, this glorious fulfillment of a dream which humanity has dreamed ever since its infancy? It degraded it to ravaging and destroying and annihilating. The lovely fulfillment of a dream was turned into a frightful Gorgon's head, the sight of which freezes the blood in one's veins.

Knowing nothing but frightfulness and ugly threats, the Prussian spirit will no longer be tolerated on earth. It must disappear. Mankind must dispel the nightmare of its persecution mania. And it is inconceivable that when Peace draws near she will not come carrying in her hand the awakening from this criminal insanity.

XXXVI

ENGLAND'S STARVING-OUT OF GERMANY

If you want to guard a piece of property of yours very carefully, you buy yourself a dog and send him to a trainer to be taught to fly at the throats of trespassers. A harmless, good-natured beast, by certain manipulations, is so steadily irritated and enraged that he finally acquires the desired traits and is ready to sink his fangs into the flesh of any one approaching his master's property.

I always think of this whenever the chancellor, or the minister of war, or any one of the representatives of the "imperial lord" thunders in immense indignation against England's outrageous scheme for "starving women and children." The imperial lord's mouthpieces cannot finds words strong enough to stigmatize the atrocious proceeding.

The thing to be remarked is not their indignation, but the fact that England's sinister scheme is regularly trotted out each time there is a discussion, not of the food problem, but of something else for which the people are to be heated up. The dreadful suf-

ferings that the English plan will inflict upon "German women and children" cannot be painted black enough then.

In the speeches of the high officials there actually sounds the "Sic 'em, Hector, sic 'em!" with which the faithful guardians of the "imperial lord's" possessions are incited to jump at the enemy's throat. And the people are made to believe that it is their own property they are defending, whereas they possess as little of it, mostly, as does the dumb four-footed guardian.

But if, on the other hand, the Reichstag is considering food problems, we learn to our astonishment that this same English plan is utterly impractical and altogether ineffective; an absurd idea of those English people, and nobody in Germany need ever suffer want because of it. We are well provided with sufficient necessities no matter how long the war lasts—on account of our incomparable organization, of course. The purposes of the English have come to naught. In fact, there never were any prospects of their seriously incommoding us.

Which of the two claims is right? Either the English plan has the serious consequences that are charged against it, or it has no consequences at all. There's something suspicious about this tremendous indigna-

tion over a plan that is said to be utterly ineffective. You begin to think that England never harbored any such purposes, and that the whole thing is nothing but a Prussian fabrication, invented for the stultification of the people, and meant to enrage them and spur them on when there is danger of their dropping from exhaustion, or when there is any other reason for getting their fury up against the enemy. "Sic 'em, Hector, sic 'em!"

Perhaps the main idea is to distract attention from the real culprits, from those who are actually to blame for the people's starving.

There's nothing too fraudulent, too low for the Prussian government to use in spurring on the dead-tired nation. The government knows full well whose property is really at stake. The "imperial lord's" property, his throne, his great dynasty, his very person. These are the things for which the dice are being cast, and which are to be guarded by more walls of corpses, more streams of innocent blood. Therefore, "Sic 'em, Hector, sic 'em!"

If the English plan were a *bona fide* one, would it really be as outrageous as they keep saying it is? The English, it seems, are carrying on war the way war is carried on, using every possible method of warfare, and they do not appear to be harboring par-

ticularly black schemes against "German women and children."

That they should cut supplies off from us in case of war is so self-understood that the idea would have occurred even to our wonderful organizers had they had a mind for anything but murder and destruction. Apparently they quite forget that a nation of 65,000,000 would like to eat even in wartime.

The whimpering propaganda that they are carrying on against England, based on her starving-out scheme, shows, among other things, how badly they miscalculated.

Are we supposed to deduce from the anathemas hurled against our perfidious English cousins by the Prussian minister of war, Wild von Hohenborn, that the German ministry of war would not have starved out the English had it had the chance to? Are we to believe that our government would not do what the English government is supposed to have done, but would magnanimously have taken the best care of English women and children? Apparently this is what we are expected to think. One would have to be exceedingly credulous.

This government whose highest rule of conduct is, "Necessity knows no law"; which gave the order for the torpedoing of the *Lusitania,* an order, that is,

for the drowning of 1,400 peaceable, defenseless human beings, including "women and children"; which afterward, in the same inhuman way, had hundreds more drowned like blind puppies—do you think a government capable of such acts would shrink out of delicacy of feeling from endangering the lives of English women and children? *I* think not.

On the contrary, I am convinced it would quite calmly declare that "war is war" and that the worse the suffering of English women and children, the sooner the English government would have to conclude peace.

So, at least, says every Prussian book on military "science," and the men at the head of this war never swerve from the precepts of their authorities, trying even to outdo their inhumanity. It is not likely that they would depart from their usual procedure in this one instance.

The great storm of indignation against the English resolves itself into one thing, the clear realization that it is nothing but vile Prussian hypocrisy intended to spur on the poor worn-out German nation to renewed defense of its imperial lord's property. "Sic 'em, Hector, sic 'em!"

XXXVII

RACE HATRED

We were talking about international relations at our table in the café, international relations before the war; and every one agreed with me that fomenting race hatred was abominable.

This surprised me. Since the outbreak of the war I have not been pampered by people's agreeing with me overly much.

Some one in our company who had once spent his vacation in France was ready with stories of what great efforts were being made there to stimulate race hatred. The very children in the schools, he said, were influenced by the chauvinistic readers they are given to study.

Had he ever seen one of these chauvinistic readers, I asked. Seen one? No, but everybody had told him about them. Everybody? Where? In France? No, not in France, but in Germany. Oh! who was it in Germany that said so? Nobody knew. I proceeded to enlighten the company as to the author of the fairy tale. I told them a Pan-German newspaper had

fabricated the thing out of whole cloth with the sole purpose of furnishing a pretext to the German authorities for doing the very thing France was charged with doing. The reading matter given the children in the elementary schools was to be made to serve the "national idea" even more strictly than formerly. And serving the national idea, I said, was tantamount to fomenting race hatred.

General protest. No such thing here in Germany. Not the least trace of any such intentions on the part of our country. Out of keeping with the German character. The other nations do that sort of thing, not we.

You think so? Well, I'll read you something that appeared in the newspaper yesterday—the latest decree of the Prussian ministry of public instruction.

"Of late requests have come pouring in that for educational reasons instruction should be given such as will be calculated to counteract the spread and the intensification of race hatred and to prepare the young mind for the future reconciliation of the civilized nations. This arises from a feeling for international brotherhood and from enthusiastic, visionary dreams of peace. *It must have no place in our schools.* It is not the attitude that the public school should take to future international relations.

"*On the contrary,* it is the primary duty of the public school to keep the fearful lessons of this war alive in the rising generation. The conviction must take root in the young mind that peace will be guaranteed only by the strongest land and sea forces and that no endeavors for

international brotherhood may ever interfere in the slightest degree with Germany's armaments.

"All the parties (!) must yield to this order.

"It will continue to be the teacher's delightful task to emphasize the feeling confirmed by this war, that *a strong royal house is a blessing,* and to strengthen the love for our king and kaiser as well for the whole Hohenzollern family.

"The daily prayer for our ruler, which has just been instituted, shall continue to be said in the schools even after the war.

"The teachers must also firmly oppose all efforts to excuse *the atrocities committed by our enemies all over the globe.*"

Lovely! Eh? The true Prussian spirit.

All of my companions had read this remarkable decree, though hastily, to be sure. None of them had thought much about it one way or another, and certainly not that it implied the fomenting of race hatred.

What better proof than this could be wanted of how tightly the notion has been wedged in the German skull that it is the other nations, the other nations only, who are the chauvinists and the instigators of race hatred?

All of our school children, especially in the upper classes, are positively fed on national self-praise. What sense is there in this eternal creeping-on-the-belly to our own national greatness and infallibility? What idiotic presumption in the verse so often sung,

"Am deutchen Wesen
Soll die Welt Genesen." *

* The German spirit is to heal the world.

Has all sense of good taste actually departed from our people? Is their feeling for art satisfied by the tune that our national hand-organ keeps grinding out, about our own superiority and everybody else's wickedness?

Let us leave it to the other nations to estimate the good and the bad qualities of the German people. Outsiders are not so blind to the positive sides of German culture. Their love of German music testifies to this.

But the constant pushing forward of themselves that the Germans do, that spreading of themselves, that shoving ahead of others always and everywhere, annoys and insults the other nations, and produces a feeling of race hatred. Their silly behavior positively forces outsiders into a hostile frame of mind.

The achievements of the "fatherland" newspapers in fomenting race hatred exceed all measure. Here idiocy and hysteria triumph.

The newspaper agitation is so senseless, so criminal that it cannot be characterized in any other way than as a foul blot upon the German name. A man of refined feelings can do nothing but hide his head in shame.

The amount of cultural values destroyed by race hatred are scarcely to be estimated. We heard German scholars of note scold and shriek abusive words

like common market-wives, waxing highly indignant, however, if the other side answered back.

Erudition actually seems to have little in common with refinement of feelings. To give one significant example:

Dr. W. Fuchs, a medical professor in Emmendingen, wrote an essay against the friends of peace, which appeared in the *Münchner Medizinische Wochenschrift,* and concluded with:

"No one, therefore, can escape the logical conclusion that peace would be a catastrophe and that war is the one possibility. War, formerly a stimulant, a matter of honor, a means to an end, has become an end in itself. The whole nation will as one man demand eternal war!"

The same high-souled creature wrote the following in a war pamphlet:

"Education to hate! Education to the veneration of hate! Education to the love of hate! Organization of hate! Away with crude timidity, with false shame of brutality and fanaticism. The saying of Marinetti has a political application, 'More boxes on the ear, fewer kisses.'

"We must not hesitate to utter the blasphemy that 'We have been given faith, hope, and hate. But hate is the greatest of them all!'"

Dr. W. Fuchs is a German scholar, a professor of medicine. Yet, I am convinced, the ordinary German will continue to insist that there is no fomenting of race hatred in Germany. It's only our enemies who do that sort of thing.

XXXVIII

OF THE BIRD THAT FOULS ITS OWN NEST

An anonymous German has written a book called *J'accuse,* to prove, it seems, that the diplomacy of William II is to blame for the war.

I say "seems" because I myself have not read the book nor even seen it. How could I have seen it when there is such thorough censorship here in Germany? I learned all I know of its contents from an acquaintance of mine to whom the book had been sent for a short while. Afterwards his house was subjected to a search. Apparently, certain things he had said had aroused suspicion.

The anonymous author adduces such varied and irrefutable proofs in support of his view (that he does so is indirectly confirmed by the worry and the scolding of the "fatherland" press), that certain procedures, which had purposely been kept in the dark, were made clear to every unprejudiced person.

My second-hand impression of the book is that the author was sincere in his efforts to get at the

truth, and all his assertions spring from honest convictions.

Obviously, he had at his disposal many diplomatic documents which are inaccessible to all but the very few, and this lends unusually convincing force to his arguments. His investigations result in a sum total, which is a clear refutation, a *reductio ad absurdum,* of the statements made by the Berlin government regarding the outbreak of the war and the events leading up to it. Since the Berlin government is most anxious to have the German people believe its statements, it naturally fears the book and is at pains to keep the wicked wolf from its little lambs. The Berlin government has been successful. It has used its police power to good effect. Scarcely a single copy of the book is to be found in the whole of Germany.

It is this very furious persecution of the book that seems to me to prove its absolute truthfulness. There is probably no refuting it.

The German public got its knowledge of the contents of *J'accuse* from a few quotations, undoubtedly distorted and torn from their context, which the government published in the "fatherland" press, with the idea of prejudicing the people against the book

and making it appear that the government had nothing to fear from their reading of it.

The comments of the "fatherland" press accompanying the quotations contained the most vulgar attacks upon the author, couched in language that in no circumstances can ever cross the lips of a refined well-bred person. It is not worth the while to repeat the abuses heaped upon the author. I shall cite only the weakest of the verbal assaults, since they throw so strong a light upon the disposition of the now leading spirits in Germany.

The author of *J'accuse* is charged with "fouling his own nest." Why? So far as I can tell he says nothing unfavorable about Germany or the German people; and these, I take it, are his nest, nothing else. What he says is that *the Prussian government in power in Germany* brought on the war. His accusation is directed solely against the clique at present holding the reigns of government, and not against a single other German. Consequently, the reproach that he fouls his own nest is based on a false premise and carries no weight.

Besides, the courageous author of *J'accuse* is not the only one to hold his opinion. There are thousands in Germany who think as he does, and if the police club wielded by the government during our state of

siege did not come down hard on every open expression of opinion, the government might learn a thing or two that would make it rub its eyes in astonishment.

The man's a democrat, a genuine democrat, not the kaiser kind of democrat, of whom thousands are running around now. He has not *forgotten what he knew,* like so many other democrats. The Prussian system, with its Cæsarism and militarism, is just as much an object of abhorrence to him as before the war, perhaps more so. He is probably one of those few genuine democrats and true German patriots still left who even before the war greatly feared that the mad speeding up of armaments would eventually plunge the country into disaster. And now that the horrible catastrophe he foresaw has occurred and the world is all in flames, is he now to be denied the right to look for the incendiary and, as soon as he has found him, to point him out?

If in view of Germany's declarations of war against Russia and France and in view of the invasion of Belgium, he cannot get into his head the lie about his fatherland's having been attacked, does he foul his own nest?

The suspicions and aspersions cast upon the author of *J'accuse* prove that the greatest crime a man in

Germany can commit to-day is not stealing or murdering. That the people have been doing all along at William II's behest. The greatest crime is to tell the truth, to have an opinion of your own.

What a sorry thing is this German nation, which may not possess an opinion of its own, but must take its opinions from Prussian highwaymen, must allow opinions to be forced upon it by all the methods that a terrorizing government is ready to employ. We Germans are stifling here under oppression, under the meanest, lowest, commonest blackguardism.

XXXIX

THE CRASH

The war was lost to us long ago. It was lost a month after it began, at the battle of the Marne.

In a certain sense those people were right who said the war would be decided in a few weeks.

It was decided. And if our government had not been so utterly devoid of reason—which it still is—it would instantly have instituted workable peace negotiations.

When it became clear that the original plan could not be carried through, that is, a complete invasion of France and the occupation of Paris by rapid assault, before having to turn to Russia, the war was already decided, and the thing to have done was to throw the cards on the table and admit having miscalculated.

But Prussian militarism in its arrogance would consider nothing of the sort. It immediately had a pretext to resort to. "We were occupying enemy territory."

But the war of attack and subjugation had turned

into a war of defense—quite involuntarily on the part of the leaders. And it could be kept up only because of the trench system of warfare, for which considerably less strength is required than for open combat. On account of this, men could be withdrawn from the western front, and Germany was enabled to drive the Russians back almost into their own country. But since the Russians were finally able to entrench themselves in places that had been properly prepared, the war settled down on all fronts into a sedentary condition that has never before characterized a war—mole warfare, we Germans call it.

A change in the mole warfare in our favor is out of the question. There are many persons already, even in Germany, who know there's no use counting on a decisive victory for us.

So if a favorable outcome for Germany from force of arms is not to be hoped for and if all matters are to be decided by negotiation, then the war was undertaken in vain and the prodigious sacrifices have all been of no avail. And militarism, which made the war, has no justification for being. The campaign ending with the defeat on the Marne means the retirement, the complete downfall of militarism; and militarism may not be credited with the least triumph, the least self-justification.

This war will pronounce the sharpest possible verdict upon militarism. If the German people are at all rational, militarism will cease to be.

But unfortunately the crash that is bound to come will not involve militarism alone. Militarism will carry other things down along with it, because in the course of time and especially in the course of this war, it has become so intimately bound up with the economic life of Germany.

What jubilation in the "fatherland" press each time a new war loan is agreed to by the Reichstag and the blessings of millions come showering down again.

Billions and billions of marks have already been used up for the war, and all the "patriotic" elements are enraptured by each financial "victory"—a victory beyond their expectations, they always say, while, as a matter of fact, the initiated are not so surprised by the success.

The large industries, into whose laps the war is tossing vast profits, have to see to it that the means are on hand by which the war may be kept up and so bring them fresh millions. A large part of the cash realized through the loans goes to them in the form of pay for supplies sold to the government. As for the agrarians, the Prussian Junkers, they are

doubly interested that enough means be secured for the continuance of the war. On the one hand, they make outrageously huge profits on foodstuffs sold to the government; and, on the other hand, the officers, who come chiefly from among their number, pocket what the industrial and agrarian profiteers leave over.

But the working people, they are the ones who will ultimately have to pay the bill rolled up by the great lords in the war.

If it should ever come to the pass that the interest on the loans cannot be paid, or is considerably reduced, and government bonds will be good for nothing but wrapping paper, the industrials and agrarians will not suffer. They will have saved enough cash. They will not have put all their money into war loans. The small people, however, will be hard hit. Having confidence in the government's promises, they have invested all their savings.

It is a piece of rascality worthy of the Prussian rulers that they did not confine the extortion of the blood money to those who profit by the war, but through outrageous publicity and direct compulsion, forced so many people of small means to give up their last pennies. The people in poor or even moderate circumstances will lose their all. They are not in the same fortunate position as the agrarian and in-

dustrial profiteers, who get their money back now, right during the war, with 5% interest into the bargain.

How many more war loans are to be put over before the end comes?

There is something else to be considered besides the huge burden of interest on the war loans, which burden, by the way, will have to be borne by a nation thoroughly impoverished and sucked dry.

The people, utterly ruined, will also have to pay the damages, pensions, etc., that a war brings in its train. Is it possible? Does any one think the people will be able to stand it?

As long as the same brains continue to impose taxes as have done so heretofore, there will be no prospect of making the propertied classes help carry their due share of the burden. Nor will the propertied classes be willing to put the control of the state into other hands. It will take more than gentle suasion to convince them.

Accordingly, a great reckoning is bound to come, and, as a result of it, the complete downfall of the old order. The liquidation of this war business, of all these unheard-of contracts, can eventuate in nothing but a tremendous crash.

And when the crash comes and stands revealed to

all eyes, will the people then ask, What brought this about? What were the forces at work? Whose policy is to blame for a catastrophe such as the world has never seen?

When the veil has dropped from all the "fatherland" dissimulation, from all the infamous lies, the people will cast about for the ultimate causes of the great disaster that befell them. I wonder whether even then a Bethmann-Hollweg will arise and have the brazenness to trump up the fairy tale of the naughty neighbors who envied the good Michel and wanted to steal what belonged to him. I scarcely think any one will want to continue to challenge the wrath of the people by offering them such lies. On the contrary, I believe that then honorable men will be found who will frankly say it was nothing but Cæsar-madness that plunged the people into such a war, who will tell the people that no neighbors thought of taking anything away from us or attacking us; that a handful of rascals with a madman at their head lighted the world conflagration to boil their broth on, and Prussian Cæsarism, that decaying old institution all covered with mold, expected to polish itself and acquire fresh luster through a war of conquest, and new life was to be pumped into the corpse of the monarchy.

The antedeluvian pretensions of kaiserism began to fade hopelessly even before the war. They have been dissolving as steam dissolves in the air. Such things were no longer the order of the day. The times were ripe for monarchical claims to be swept aside.

The kaiser wanted, by force if necessary, to play a big conspicuous rôle. So he scalded his lips on everybody else's porridge, and tried to compel the whole world to go his way, and mixed in affairs that were none of his business—the superfluous creature, superfluous and ridiculous both in his rôle as "peace kaiser" and "war-lord."

In order to give the German people an object lesson in how necessary his existence was as ruler, he did not hesitate, when he thought the hour propitious, to plunge the world into a sea of blood and tears.

He was the natural champion of a policy of unrestricted expansion. No wonder, therefore, that the captains of industry and finance realized in time to what quarter to turn for the fulfillment of their extravagant plans for world conquest. Modern capitalism allied itself with mystical Cæsarism. Every session of the Reichstag during the war furnishes proof of the union, now become indissoluble, between monarchism and capitalism.

How ridiculous is the rôle played in this perform-

ance by the "democrats" in the Reichstag, the representatives of the so-called liberals. They never find cause for serious criticism of the government. The *Kommandogewalt,* the supreme power, is a touch-me-not. They have given themselves over body and soul to kaiserism and capitalism.

The great reckoning will be all the easier on account of this stand of the "democrats." There will be no need to do any sorting. All the representatives of the "bourgeoisie" in the Reichstag, on account of the unqualified support they gave the kaiser's war policy, share in the guilt of this war. The people will hold them responsible, just as responsible as the "war-lord" himself.

They, too, will be carried down in the great crash; and they will have deserved their fate.

They, too, will be asked to answer for all the bloodshed and all the tears of woe and misery.

The thing that will collapse in Germany, therefore, will be the whole Prussian system, the system that plunged the world into disaster. And in place of that system will step human rights, the right to liberty, the right to bread and work for every one.

The new state that will then arise, the United States of the World, will finally realize the dream of the

French Revolution, that eternal yearning of humanity for liberty, equality and fraternity.

After the collapse of Prussian despotism and Prussian militarism, those deadly enemies of mankind, the world will be as one great nation.

XL

WERE THE PEACE PROPOSALS SINCERE?

On the 12th of December, 1916, the comedy was put on the boards, all the managerial methods at the command of parliamentarian and diplomat having been employed to produce it.

Letters and telegrams flew hither and thither. My goodness, it mustn't be kept concealed from mankind that His Majesty with his own hands had indited a touching letter to the chancellor. Express trains chased to headquarters and back again, to all the battlefronts and back again. High and mighty personages rode to Berlin and to the other German capitals for important conferences, greeted everywhere by—in the columns of the "fatherland" press—great, jubilant throngs.

With a mighty flourish of trumpets all the personages who give the tone in war-Germany were summoned to Berlin. Any man fitted to give the great day still greater significance had to be present at this gala performance in the Reichstheater—I beg

pardon, I mean at the session in the Reichstag building.

Through dark insinuations, little indiscretions, intentional half-truths, both spoken and written, by telephone and telegraph and wireless, all the nations (but each under the seal of secrecy) was duly made aware that Berlin was going to spring a sensation. Breathless suspense was to prevail over the whole globe. And in the universal silence of expectancy the great surprise was to burst with a peal—the Kaiser's peace proposal!

The peal was to announce the beginning of a play different from the kind that had been acting in Berlin for years.

HE, the "supreme war-lord," was to step before the curtain and hold out his hand of peace to all the nations, that hand still dripping with blood—the other hand convulsively clutching his sword and hidden in shame behind his back. He would stand there in that attitude, everything in one, hero, conqueror, angel of peace, his gleaming armor hidden beneath the white robe of innocence, while the gentle sound of flutes accompanied the act of might.

Peace! Peace on earth! The word millions had been yearning for, the magic word—*he* would pro-

nounce it, *he* would offer the world, would offer bleeding, agonizing humanity, peace!

Was he sincere? Did he really mean his proposal of peace? The enemies did not believe in his sincerity. "We received your message," was the answer from all sides, "but we have no confidence in it."

Were they right or wrong? Was the Kaiser's proposal to be trusted or was it not to be trusted?

Kaiser William's offer of peace begins with two premises. One is, that he standing there as victor is holding out his hand in peace. An untruth. He was not a victor. The second premise is that it was the enemies who had thrown the glove into the ring.

Because of the recent capture of Bukharest, in which, he seems to overlook, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey materially aided, he stood there as victor, his breast swelling with pride. The conquest of a number of wrecked petroleum wells and half-burned granaries probably gave him the assurance that the invincibility of the German army had now been established once for all and that the enemies must recognize further resistance to be unavailing.

Was he a victor? Was England defeated? Has a single German soldier ever set foot on the British Isles? Was there ever a chance of German armies attacking the British Isles? On the contrary, isn't England

daily developing more power on French soil to resist and defeat Germany?

Is France defeated? Is the republic down on its knees suing for peace? Did not the French people at the Marne hold up the German hosts surging into the land like a tidal wave? At the Yser and at Verdun they gave ample proof of their ability to defend their own soil, filling a whole world with admiration.

Is Italy defeated?

With a few exceptions William II had not attained his war aims and so was not justified in strutting out on the stage as victor. He himself knew it best of all, and might have had the sense to realize that no enemy government would enter into peace negotiations on the basis of palpable untruths.

His peace overtures, therefore, were not really meant.

He said it was the enemies who threw the glove into the ring. Can he expect credence for this when it was he who in August, 1914, declared war on Russia and two days later on France; when it was he who fell upon and devastated Belgium, thereby hurling a declaration of war at every civilized nation, in fact, at every decent human being?

He is simply glossing over a crass lie with mean hypocrisy.

Does William II actually suppose that the enemies would be ready to enter into peace negotiations on the basis of such claims? Even he is scarcely poor enough psychologist to think that. Consequently, his bid for peace must have been insincere.

The question naturally arises, whether in general William II's government can make a genuine offer of peace. Any one in a position to formulate a correct picture of the situation in the German Empire will be compelled to answer the question in the negative.

The government knows from innumerable signs that some time, at the very latest upon the conclusion of peace, a day of reckoning with its own people is bound to come. That day must be kept as remote as possible.

In spite of the veil cast over events since the outbreak of the war, the German people have a better insight into things than is generally assumed. They know that the few German conquests do not mean that anything has been, or will be, attained. They discuss these matters and admit that all the sacrifices of life, money, and property have been in vain and that if peace is to come, all occupied territory for one thing must be evacuated, while, for another thing, the fate of the costly German colonies will

remain uncertain. In brief, the people are conscious that the government went into a poor business.

Nothing of this finds public expression. If it did, what would be the use of the military dictatorship? But the feeling is there, and an extremely dangerous feeling it is, too, especially among the lower classes. However that may be, one thing is certain, the one act on the part of the government which would meet with widest approval would be simply to throw the cards down on the table.

The German nation would breathe an immense sigh of relief.

But the time is not yet ripe. Nor is it probable that William II's government will ever take this step voluntarily. In any case, whenever the hour strikes, it will strike too soon in the opinion of the Prussian rulers, who owe their period of grace to the belief still prevailing among the bourgeoisie and the Socialists, that these must identify themselves with the policy of the government. The rulers are making most excellent use of their reprieve. They are adopting the extremest measures to safeguard themselves against the coming crash, such as the law of entail in the Prussian Landtag and other measures that are more securely kept from public knowledge.

Therefore, when you consider that the acceptance

of William II's peace proposal would mean the end of the war and, consequently, the end of the military dictatorship, and the end of the military dictatorship would mean that the last branch had been lopped off to which all the powers in Prusso-Germany have been clinging frantically, you cannot but realize that the peace offer could not have been meant in all sincerity.

There is even further proof that it was a fraudulent proposition.

The statesmen of the enemy countries have made it quite clear to William II's government that they are unwilling ever to treat with it again, since they cannot place reliance upon its word.

After Germany's violation of treaties made before the war, as though they were mere scraps of paper, nobody wants to run the same risk at the very next opportunity. Moreover, the German government has been given to understand in by no means ambiguous terms that the Entente governments do not look upon it as the qualified representative of the German nation, with the right to make settlements affecting the nation's future, since it succeeds in holding on to the rudder only by the most unscrupulous exercise of its terrorizing military power and by grossly deceiving the people concerning the true state of affairs.

In the face of this plain refusal to treat with the

German government, a serious proposal of peace was out of the question. It was a maneuver for the purpose of deceiving the German people themselves.

Are we to deduce, therefore, that William II's overtures of peace were made only because he was sure they would be refused? Is it that he doesn't want peace in any circumstances? But the peace offer is here; it has been made. In the words of its author, it is to be a milestone, a turning-point in the history of the war, a signal hoisted on high of the love of peace shown by the "prince of peace," William II.

This was not his first offer of peace, either. A whole series had preceded it. Ever since the battle of the Marne, there has been no cease to similar attempts, directed in turn to all the enemies. There was the comedy with Montenegro and the long-drawn out secret negotiations between Russian and German diplomats.

But the bid of December, 1916, differs from its predecessors in two essential points. One is its magnitude, four governments simultaneously proffering peace to ten governments. Till now there had been talk of only separate peace treaties. It was an essential departure from the German government's principle to get each opponent by himself into its grasp and then, if necessary, play him off against the

others. Also, it was a concession, if an unwilling one, to the London agreement of September, 1914, by which the Entente Powers bound themselves not to make separate peace treaties, but to conclude a peace only in common.

The second and more important point of difference between this peace proposal and its predecessors is that it was an apparent break with the favorite method of secret negotiations. This time the Central Powers stepped out in full view of the world when making an offer to treat with the enemy. But the break with the principle of secrecy was only apparent. In reality it had not been abandoned. The terms of peace were not made known.

After William II's government had thus, to all appearances, resorted to publicity, no bell could be found big enough to announce the enterprize of such prodigious import to the happiness of the world; which explains the pomp of the Berlin performance.

The public presentation was not designed, of course, for the enemy *governments*. That they were not to be won over must long before have been observed by the prominent psychologists of Wilhelmstrasse, who had already had opportunities to judge of this by the attitude the enemies had invariably taken on the former occasions when Germany came awooing.

The performance was a play to the neutrals, and to the gallery, the German people. Also to the *people* of the enemy countries.

The neutrals, the dear souls, were to be given the benefit of a lovely pastoral, so as to get them to express their sanction, as it were, of the continuation of the drama. And in the last scene they were to be assigned a part, that of also dying a sacrificial death *pour le Roi de Prusse.*

It was a play to the gallery, to the German nation, this nation, whose sacrifices long before had passed the bounds of the humanly possible, whose patience and long-suffering daily provoked the astonishment of even its own rulers. In the alleged interest of its future it allowed ever fresh and more unheard-of sacrifices to be extorted from it. Universal compulsory work had just been made the law of the land, months of actual starvation stood at the door, after long months of privation had already been endured. So the government felt it did not want the people to miss the pleasure of a sweet, lovely play, the peace offer of their Kaiser. A mirage will comfort the parched wanderer in the desert.

Now the blame for the continuation of the war, for all the hunger and bloodshed to follow, would surely fall upon the enemies, especially that black

devil, England; and the German nation, chanting hymns of hate anew, was to forget who was the really guilty one. But hymns of hate will not go on satisfying soul and body forever, and even the cleverest dissimulation will not deceive forever, no matter how much the public announcements, from those made by Westarp to those made by Scheidemann, may all harp on the one theme, namely, that the refusal of the Kaiser's peace proposal will have to be answered for by—the sacrifice of all Germans still left alive!

William's intentions toward the enemy peoples, in his presenting of the pastoral, were particularly benevolent. He hoped to be able to thrust a wedge between the peoples and their respective governments by getting them over as his allies in a suit for peace.

He wanted to sow distrust and discord. The "fatherland" press makes this clear beyond all doubt.

But here, too, William II showed he was a poor psychologist, in crediting the democratic peoples with as little insight into the essentials of the world conflict as the German people possess. The sowing of peace, he hoped, would turn out to be a sowing of dragons' teeth. Badly mistaken again. Not a single person thinks of his peace offer any more. The author of it is too suspicious a character.

William II had the same objects in view in keeping

his peace terms indefinite. The invitation to enter into negotiations was directed to ten different governments with widely varying interests. One or the other of them might snap at the bait and show a will to disappear behind the doors of the conference chamber and listen to the "acceptable terms." The first-comer, of course, could count on the best terms; and something had been prepared for each. Italy was to get a slice of *Italia irredenta,* Russia was to have the "kingdom" of Poland restored to her, and so on.

Distrust and dissension among the Entente allies would have been the inevitable result of separate peace treaties. Exactly what the diplomats of Wilhelmstrasse were aiming at. But success was denied them. The enemies' distrust of them was insuperable, and rightly so.

The peace that is to end this war must not be of the kind that consists in the diplomats exchanging knowing smiles and shaking hands like old cronies, and the royal cousins embracing and kissing and toasting one another. It would not be worth the trouble to conclude a peace of that sort and leave everything the way it always has been—more armaments, larger armies and navies, unrest and anxiety in all the nations, and the constant prospect of a war that would overshadow the present war in frightful-

ness. No, rather an end in horror, than horror without end! All the precious blood that has been shed will then have been shed in vain.

The peace that is coming will be concluded by the people themselves, the people who have done the fighting. It will be an open, honorable peace, because it will not rest upon injustice and conquest, as does the peace that William II offers us.

It seems almost superfluous to ask whether, in view of all this, the Berlin performance was only a trap for the enemy and a bluff in all circumstances.

Oh, no! By no means.

Before the desperate starving German people would have a chance to thrust aside all of William II's actors and make the enemy nations an honorable bid for peace, HE, of course, preferred to come out on the stage in the magnificent pose of *imperator rex* and benevolently hand the imperial gift of peace to the nations down on their knees begging—hand it to them on the point of his sword.

If he could have stood before the German nation and the whole world as war hero and victor, as conqueror and "enlarger of the empire," enlarger by even the tiniest slice of land or the smallest indemnity, he would gladly have concluded peace—to-day, rather than to-morrow.

If he could have been sure of the maintenance of his throne and his dynasty, sure, that is, of nothing happening to himself upon the conclusion of peace, he would magnanimously have consented to stop the terrible torture that he himself was inflicting on humanity. The nations would then have been permitted to cure their wounds again.

If the peace could have ended with an apotheosis of himself, if he could have stood on the stage as the bearer of peace, in the white robe of innocence, with the palm branch in his hand, and the glare of the footlights upon his brilliant person, the flutes and cymbals playing the dainty accompaniment to the pastoral, all of mankind lying prostrate at his feet, turning tear-filled eyes upon him gratefully, it would have been a conclusion quite to the taste of this actor and theatrical manager.

> "An end to strife! The war must go!
> For my strong arm decrees it so!"

would have been the concluding sentence of a drama written by Kaiser William II with Kaiser Wilhelm II playing the leading part.

XLI

VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG

What difference did it make who the new chancellor would be in Herr von Bülow's place?

Bülow, it is known, ventured most humbly to call His Majesty's attention to the fact that it might perhaps be better if His Majesty put a little curb on His Majesty's tongue after His Majesty had made a bad break in a conversation with his English friend.

Unheard of! His Majesty had no use for servants like that. This Prussian Junker was too democratic, too permeated with western ideals. Such a thing would never do at the court of Kaiser William II.

Fancy prohibiting His Majesty, the speaker *par excellence,* from speaking!

Von Bülow had to go. He was not enough of a courtier. Most assuredly he had to go.

He went, and for his successor recommended a man whom His Majesty could make excellent use of, the bureaucrat, Bethmann-Hollweg. His Majesty need fear no such subversive ideas from him, the correct Prussian official.

As I said, what difference who the new chancellor would be? He made less difference than Bülow.

What if there was a new chancellor? I came near saying butler.

Change of servants, that's all. What difference did it make to the nation who the new butler was, or what his name was? None! None whatsoever!

I was convinced in advance that Bethmann-Hollweg was just the sort of dry, petty bureaucrat that a Prussian official is bound to be. Even his greatest enemy would not have charged him with a spinal column or independence of opinion. The very servant, therefore, for His Majesty.

The first time the man attracted attention was at the discussion of the Zabern affair in the Reichstag. Yes, just the narrow sort of soul to come up to the most cherished traditional ideals of Prussian officialdom.

Not the faintest gleam of the times we are living in has penetrated his intelligence.

There is no question in his mind but that the "canaille," the nation of 65,000,000 people, is of no account whatsoever next to his "gracious lord," and the "canaille" has nothing to say, but only to stand stiff as soldiers on parade, and never mutiny against

the "supreme command." Right about face! March! And be off with you.

This tedious philosopher is chancellor of the realm, this man with the intellectual qualities of a nine-dollar-a-week office clerk, who never would dare to straighten out his reverentially crooked spine and lift his head to reconnoiter the ground across which the policy of the man on high, "responsible to no one," is leading the German nation. Oh, what a dried-up, bony bureaucrat he is, with the soul of a clerk, incapable of flights of imagination, utterly devoid of strength and force.

He cannot wax indignant, or violent or passionate, like Bismarck, as you might expect him to in this "great time." No, he simply displays venom, and mean little hate and pettiness.

All his addresses to the Reichstag during the war only confirm this impression, especially his speech of December 9, 1915, when he repeated each of the platitudes and malicious attacks on other nations, each of the publicity notices for the Prussian "organization" that the national-liberal papers had been giving us for one and a half years *ad nauseam.*

How those English did annoy the poor man! Perfectly dreadful! Really it was simply shocking how they made the good soul suffer. In spite of every-

thing he had said so often, they absolutely refused to believe that they had been utterly defeated.

They hadn't noticed they were defeated. So he had to keep on scuffling with the vile pack, even though he had thrown them to the ground long before. *Gott strafe England!*

XLII

MÜNCHNER NEUESTE NACHRICHTEN

I HAVE often wondered why this paper is called *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten.* What has it got to do with Munich?

You'd think, since it is called *Münchner,* that you'd find something of the spirit of that lovely, genial city in its columns. You search in vain. There's nothing of Munich in the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten,* nothing to recall the spirit which has made Munich's fame, that innocent enjoyment of life and innate democracy which, as it were, leads minister of the cabinet and servant to sit side by side at the table, which moves a man to hold out his hand unsuspectingly to every other man in simple friendliness.

The thing that grins at us daily from its columns is Pan-Prussian megalomania in its most violent form. And Pan-Prussianism has contempt for everything that does not harmonize with its Berlin patterns.

Every number, every line reeks with the most exaggerated race hatred. In its persecution mania the

paper sees enemies, envious of Prussia's greatness, squatting round in a circle ready to pounce.

For about thirty years Prussian corruption has been doing good work here, scarcely to be excelled anywhere.

When after 1870 a healthy reaction set in among the Bavarians against the arrogant guardianship exercised by Prussia and against its scarcely concealed lust for the absorption of other German states, this sentiment seemed so dangerous to the Prussian rulers that they went to a good big expense and erected a citadel for defense and offense in Munich, and manned it with the notorious Dr. Hirth and other Prussian heroes.

In the heart of Bavaria, at the Färbergraben in Munich, they put up their citadel, and from there the unsuspecting Bavarian nation was gradually so tricked and deceived and Prussianized that it accepted the war without a struggle, as though it had to be, and to-day is sacrificing its life, allowing itself to be utterly ruined, for the sake of the masters of the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten.*

The Bavarians were never even asked. That's the Great-Prussian way of doing things. So there was nothing left for the poor country of Bavaria to do

but to sacrifice its sons and to lead its people to destruction.

All for the greater glory of Prussia!

The universal enmity felt for Prussia really need not have concerned Bavaria. No Englishman, Frenchman, or Russian would have done us any harm. But in 1914 this, the most sensible idea, never occurred to any one of us. Bavaria could no longer collect her thoughts. She had been too stultified by Prussia's branch-office on the Sendlingerstrasse in Munich.

There are people, whom I actually envy, who can rise so superior to themselves as to be able to take the *Nachrichten* as though it were a comic paper. They simply smile at the infamies heaped up in each number.

I am sorry for myself, but I simply cannot get any fun out of the *Nachrichten*. For it was this newspaper that almost brought me to the point of losing all my faith in humanity.

Decency, honor, justice, are things it doesn't seem to know even by name. It seems never to have heard of a sense of dignity or a sense of responsibility. You'd not doubt this if you saw the way the war is conducted in its columns.

If the civilized world were to judge Munich by its

newspaper, the city would have to hide its head in shame. Fortunately, however, the world does not know this cosmopolitan sheet, nor read the hymns of hate appearing in it daily.

The pleasant recollections that the name of Munich may evoke, the memories of sacred moments spent in the lofty enjoyment of art will not be spoiled by the frenzied barking of the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten.* Nobody in the outside world hears it.

But *we* here in Bavaria must listen to it. We have to look on while the fair name of Munich is being barbarously besmirched and the thoughts and feelings of the Bavarians are being falsified. All by the orders of that dark, violent Prussianism which clubs down everything striving upward for truth, light, and liberty.

Every day the columns of the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* are filled with shrieking and yelling and raging, roaring, whining, cursing, lying.

All it wants to do is sow hatred, hatred among the nations. Let it take care that in sowing the wind it will not reap the whirlwind.

The whirlwind might blow down that Prussian citadel of lies on the Sendlingerstrasse.

Some day at last the eyes of the people of Munich

will open, and then will come the great reckoning.

The handiwork of this mixer of poisons, who too long poured venom into international relationships, will be destroyed once for all.

XLIII

WHAT IS THE OBSTACLE TO PEACE?

Millions and millions are yearning for peace. In the belligerent countries there is nothing the people want so much as peace, as the end of this bloody struggle.

There seems to be scarcely another thought in the world beside peace, peace, peace

And yet after all these horrible years of war peace is still far off.

Why? Why, when humanity's longing for peace is so great?

Each of the belligerent governments declares its readiness to conclude peace, provided, however, that the enemy admits defeat. Otherwise the war has to go on until he does admit defeat.

When one realizes, as one must very clearly, that the highwater mark of German victories was reached long ago and Germany cannot hope for the fulfillment of her war aims, one is tempted to say that the cause of the prolongation of the war is sheer insanity, Prussian megalomania.

But Germany's failure to admit her true situation to herself forms only part of the obstacle to peace. A far more important and more deeply rooted obstacle is one never explicitly mentioned, but only hinted at.

If the chancellor concludes peace now, he will not secure a single one of all the lovely things he promised the German people as a result of the war. He must step before the people and confess that all their sacrifices, all their bloodshed, all the woe that the war has brought upon them will have been to no avail.

And when he has made this admission, then all of those who stuck to his policy through thick and thin, believing in his frantically cherished optimism, will suddenly begin to see the truth. Their eyes will suddenly be opened.

And deadly fright will take hold of them because of the sorry results of the war, so contrary to all the promises made. They will ask the chancellor, Why? Why all this that we have gone through? Questions that he will not be able to answer.

The chancellor dreads these questions, and in his fear of them resides the true obstacle to peace.

The people, now become clairvoyant, will want to know why omnipotent militarism is so impotent, why it does not dictate peace as it always boasted it would.

The people will want to know who it was, as a matter of fact, that gave militarism the frightful power to plunge the German nation into this blood bath. They will want to know whose will militarism is to carry out, the will of a nation of 65,000,000, or the will of a single individual, "responsible to no one."

They will recollect that they never wanted war, that they never had the intention of attacking any one, and that they derive no advantage from war. It will occur to them that only a single individual and his clique, hoping for greater power and glory from war, might have derived advantage from it.

The chancellor will be asked many uncomfortable questions, all having to do with the fate of the monarchy and the fate of all the rulers of unhappy Germany. The chancellor and his masters dread the day of revelation to the German people. That is why the chancellor cannot conclude peace and prevents negotiations by making the silly demand that the enemy shall acknowledge him as victor.

Oh, it would suit him beautifully to be acknowledged victor. Then he could keep on lying and cheating; and the great reckoning with the German nation might be delayed somewhat longer perhaps.

The certainty that in the end he will have no more excuses left forces him constantly to be devising new

subterfuges. And so fresh sacrifices of life must continue to be made.

If the German people want to see for themselves whether the standpoint of the German government or the standpoint of the western powers is the one that the judgment of history will uphold, all they need do is remember the idea the neutrals have of the basis on which future peace is to rest.

A careful study of the sentiment in the neutral countries shows with absolute clearness that the only peace possible is one serving the interests of the entire world, not of Germany and her allies alone. This forces us to the conclusion, very surprising to many a German, that all the neutrals look upon the war with the eyes of the western powers. And it will never occur to any rational man to doubt that during the whole period of the war the neutrals have had ample opportunity to learn on which side right is, and on which side wrong.

So, in the end, the chancellor will have to admit the bankruptcy of monarchism and militarism. No matter how much he may resist, circumstances will prove stronger than he. And he will be forced to make the admission under far more unfavorable circumstances than to-day.

But until that time comes, more hundreds of thousands of lives will have to be sacrificed. The obstacle to peace will have to be washed away by a whole ocean of blood.

XLIV

THE ASSASSINATION IN SERAJEVO

It was on a Monday. You could tell from afar by the unusual commotion at the H—— Station that something extraordinary had happened.

Groups of people formed and then scattered; you saw them holding newspapers and talking excitedly. The tragedy had occurred the day before, but the news did not come out in the papers until the next morning's editions.

I hurried up and bought a paper. "Successor to the Austrian throne assassinated in Serajevo" in great black headlines.

We were all frightened and surprised; surprised, I should say, more than frightened, because there had been nothing to presage an awful event of such a nature.

There had been no apparent occasion for the crime, nothing to point to such an explosion. We knew of no feeling among the people that would lead to so violent an outburst of passion.

To this very day we have heard nothing reliable about the matter. The Austrian government has

made little enough known of the results of its investigations into the assassination.

It was a crime committed for political motives. That is all we were told.

Purely for political motives? It seems to me several interrogation marks should follow this official statement.

The assassins were scarcely more than children. But the Servian government, charged with being the instigator and accomplice in the crime, surely could have found enough adults for the business. It hardly needed children.

Will the name of the actual assassin perhaps furnish a key to the puzzle? He called himself Prinzip, which means prince. Maybe it was his real name.

Was this Prinzip the scion of some princely house of Bosnia which felt it had greater claims to Bosnia than Austria's successor to the throne?

Did Prinzip in a surge of overwrought youthful ambition conspire with his friends to punish the Austrian grand duke for entering the city as lord and master, whereas the city ought to recognize, and do homage to, none but him, Prinzip, as lord and master? Doesn't this explain the otherwise inexplicable fact that the grand duke's wife had to share his fate?

In no circumstances could the Servian government

have an interest in loading itself with a wholly purposeless crime. What use was there in making a woman pay with her life for her husband's politics?

We are scarcely likely ever to learn the truth about the affair. The lips of the unfortunate children have been sealed forever. Death graciously came and relieved them of a life that certainly would no longer have been life, but a slow, long-drawn-out death, inch by inch.

Oh, good care was taken that they should not remain alive, even though, on account of their youth, the death penalty was not pronounced against them.

Condemn children to death? Oh, no! Sensitive justice in civilized Austria would never do anything of the sort. It was the children's youth that denied them the mercifulness of a quick death, not the consideration that the Austrian state by annexing Bosnia was far more to blame for the crime than the overwrought young assassins themselves. They, in their sad impotence, had only resorted to the most futile means of redressing what they deemed a wrong.

Consequently, though Servian politics may have played a sufficiently large part in the murder of the grand duke and his consort, it was without doubt not the one decisive factor.

As a matter of fact, it is surprising that this should

have been the only outburst of passion from the young and immature. Think of all the stirring up of nationalist feelings done in the schools in many countries, not Servia alone, and you will marvel that greater disaster does not result from the muddle created in unripe minds.

These children had to pay for the mistakes of the "nationalist" system of education, and pay heavily, too. They atoned for the blood they had shed by prolonged death agonies.

Was that atonement enough?

No.

Why?

Because the man assassinated had not been an ordinary mortal, but a prince, a ruler, one of the "supreme" ones. And the assassination of such an one called for greater expiation than the death of the few guilty parties. Millions of others had also to give up their innocent lives, streams of blood had still to flow, and oceans of tears had still to be wept before the earth would be washed clean of the blood of this one on high.

His death hoisted the signal, visible far and wide, for the beginning of the slaughter of nations.

It at last provided the Austrian government with the opportunity to make demands on the Servian gov-

ernment that it had long been wanting to make but had been refraining from, out of deference to public opinion both at home and abroad.

Now it could make demands, to which a reply was impossible. Nor did the Austrian government expect a reply.

Everybody foresaw the consequences, but the consequences were intended. Austrian diplomacy could not afford to let a chance go by that might never arise again.

A better, more popular cause for war, moreover, could not be found, not if you searched in every corner of the globe.

Even the lowliest in the nation would understand that awful vengeance must be wreaked for this wicked deed, this assassination of a prince. Every man would now willingly take his place in the regiments of the avengers.

Every man, even the men who had previously had some "buts" and some "ifs" to offer.

Millions on millions allowed themselves to be led to slaughter, like docile sheep, to avenge the death of their prince.

So precious is the life of a ruler that all the blood shed so far is not enough to pay the price. The massacring must go on.

Is it not time to ask whether these nations which have monarchs at their head, whose lives are so tremendously valuable, are not assuming too great a responsibility toward the rest of mankind?

Is it conceivable that an attempt on the nephew of the president of the United States or the president of the French Republic would result in a similar blood bath? The murdered grand duke was not even the ruler of Austria, but only a relative of his.

The murder of a Poincaré himself, every one will admit, would not have called for such expiation as did the murder of the scion of a royal house. The world would certainly have been spared the present horror had the man struck by the assassin's bullet been, not one of the men destined to rule by "divine right," but a man elected to rule by the people, a M. Poincaré or a Mr. Wilson.

After the gruesome experience of this war, every nation ought to shrink from the responsibility of indulging any longer in the luxury of so costly a head, and ought rather take one whose life is no higher priced than the life of any other citizen.

Then, at least, the occasion will be removed for the world's having to live in the constant dread of a repetition of the present catastrophe.

XLV

FORCING PEACE

The Reichstag sessions come and go. They open and then close again when the desired object has been attained, that is, the taxes, the appropriations, and the loans for the continuation of the war.

The Social Democrats scold and criticize a little; but in the end the large majority of the Fraction declares itself as ready for the war to go on as the other parties, and votes the necessary millions out of the pockets of its constituents exactly like the other parties.

On each occasion the Social Democrats talk a great deal about peace, a very great deal. But the decisive word that everybody wants to hear does not come from the government.

And upon the conclusion of each session the prospects of peace are farther off than ever. The certainty lies heavy on one's soul that the war will go on—till when? Interminably, it seems.

It is not only the wrongly informed public, but even the vast majority of the Reichstag delegates, in-

cluding most of the Social Democrats, who firmly expect peace as the result of a German victory or, at least, as the result of the enemy's incapacity to continue the war.

The Reichstag delegates certainly have better chances of ascertaining the true state of affairs than the public at large. Is it that they do not want to see, or are they, too, being kept from the truth? Are they genuinely ignorant of the course of the war?

In my opinion we shall never get one inch nearer peace either from a German victory or from the enemy's exhaustion. All such hopes are sheer self-deception.

The true road to peace is not along the big, favorite highway lined with successes and victories, as the whole of Germany pictures to itself, but along a very different route, where no triumphal arches will stand, but tombstones, at the utmost, and weeping willows.

From Germany, we have seen, an honorable step toward peace is out of the question.

Then can't we get help in securing peace from the outside, from the neutral states? The neutral governments, assuredly, are fairly well informed as to the true state of affairs in each of the belligerent countries. What keeps the neutral governments from

offering to mediate and so win a whole world's gratitude?

From time to time we heard voices in Switzerland, in Holland, in Sweden, and observed that people were thinking and speaking very seriously of mediation.

But then in the end there always came the resigned admission—this is not the time for mediation. One thing, however, that the discussions of eventual mediation made clear was that the basis on which the coming peace was to rest had already been found. Evidently, complete unanimity prevails in all the neutral states that peace must rest first and foremost upon democratic principles.

This may suit the neutral governments, but it is absolutely unacceptable to the German government.

The neutral states know this, and for that reason they cannot mediate, but can only assert their willingness to do so as soon as the time comes.

But when will the time come? Who will answer this question? I believe that in the end the German people (not the government) will *have* to answer it.

According to all appearances the people are at the end of their strength. They cannot keep up an interminable war; whereas the government and the profiteers can "hold out," though it last ten years more.

In these circumstances it would only be self-deception to expect a sincere move for peace from the government. The government would only be sawing off the shaky branch to which it is clinging. You couldn't ask the government to do that.

Peace, therefore, will not come from the neutrals or from our own government. But some time or other it's got to come. Somebody has to take the first step. And if all signs do not deceive, the first step will have to be made by those who have suffered the most from the war, whose interests, upon the restoration of peace, will be most urgent. I mean the German people.

Nowhere have the masses undergone the dire distress that they have in Germany. Possibilities of earning a living are so slight, the prices are so high, and rations of the barest necessities have been clipped so close that no one can any longer satisfy his hunger. Consequences frightfully disastrous to the people's health and to the vigor of the next generation are imminent.

Verily, too long have the people borne their hideous sufferings, and the conviction must soon force its way to the surface that they have undergone quite enough and an end must be made of it all.

The people now dragging along a wretched existence must force the peace that will not come, and

conclude peace themselves, since the government will not do it for them.

A nation can put up with privation for a time; but when it becomes a certainty that the horror will never end and the war will stretch out into infinity, then the nation must express its will. "The war *must* end and *immediately,*" it should say in no unmistakable terms.

We Germans ought to realize that it's no pleasanter to die by inches from starvation than to die instantaneously from a bullet. Besides, there won't be any need for the shooting of bullets. Our brothers, who will be expected to fire on us for rebelling, are suffering just as much as we are. We may be sure the soldiers will not shoot down their own fathers, brothers, wives and children.

The people, it is true, have no leaders. But leaders enough will quickly appear once the people's feeling is clearly expressed, and the leaders know they will not be left in the lurch.

The fear of authority in which the people have been steeped is an empty nothing, a mere scheming, a hollow suggestion. The instant the people put it to the test it dissolves into thin air, and becomes known for the vapid thing it is.

One man is as good as another man. A single gen-

eral is no stronger than a single soldier. It is only suggestion that gives the general his power. We must make it clear to ourselves that those who want the war are only a handful as against those who do not want the war. Of this handful we ask bread, we ask peace, nothing more. That's quite enough. But we won't be satisfied with subterfuges any more. We want peace and *without delay.*

How they will shiver and shake! How quickly the loudest clamorers for war and the hold-outers will creep into their holes and hide themselves, pale with terror.

All they need see is a crowd of people gathered together. The chief thing is simply to begin. The masses need only go out for a short walk together. They go out every day at any rate, shoving and pushing to try to get a little something to eat. The war heroes will not be able to resist. The spark of rebellion will have electrified the masses, and woe to the war heroes if they dare to shed so much as a drop of blood. In an instant the drop will swell into a raging sea of blood that will suck them in and pull them to the bottom.

They will shrivel up into sorry little figures, these war heroes, these hold-outers, when the people will no longer believe in their power, but will become

conscious of their own power, of the power residing in mass numbers. No need for a bloody revolution. There should not be one. No one who loves the people and suffers their sufferings wants any more blood to be shed. Let the power of numbers speak, and that will be enough. There's no more use in resisting the power of numbers than there is in resisting an avalanche. But an avalanche must be given a start, a push, no matter how slight, to set it moving. The time has come for the impetus to be given. It is none too soon.

And the people must themselves make the peace that their government is unable to make.

XLVI

THE RECKONING

The unchaining of this war was so enormous a crime against humanity and civilization and morality that it may not go unavenged.

Not to demand adequate retribution would be a sin against the millions who have suffered untold misery.

Everything possible must be done to bring the guilty ones to account. It will not be enough simply to wrest the power from their gory hands and then let them live serene lives as private citizens. No, they must taste at least a tiny bit of those thousandfold tortures, of that overwhelming misery which they themselves brought on.

Undoubtedly the men whose responsibility is the greatest are those who in addition to their many past crimes also have the greatest crime of all on their conscience, the crime of having declared this war. The severest punishment we know of must be meted out to them.

Punishment should also be inflicted upon their aids, the members of the military caste, the agrarians

and the other profiteers, who prolonged the people's agonies for their own dirty interests.

The best way to punish them, the way that would hurt them most, would be to make them disgorge everything they got through the war. And the thousands of generals and officers must be denied the huge pensions that would enable them to rest on their bloody laurels. They urged the war on simply out of selfishness and greed. So it will hit them pretty hard to have to work for their bread just like common mortals.

The Junkers and agrarians should be punished in the same way. Everything they stole and extorted from the people will have to be restored. They, too, worked to bring on the war from pure motives of self-interest, in order to add more millions to the millions they already possessed. The land, of which they proved themselves unworthy owners, never having sweated a drop tilling it, will be divided among those who have had to be their manservants and maidservants.

In the place where a cold, egoistic Junker squatted like a spider in its web, a hundred free peasants will earn their honest livelihood.

The big industrials and capitalists will also have to forego the enjoyment of the huge profits made dur-

ing the war. They, too, will have to render unto the people what is the people's.

And no coupon-clipping for those who financed the war at a high rate of interest. The people will refuse to work and deprive themselves so that they may punctually receive their fat dividends. The massacre would have come to an end sooner had not these honorable gentlemen kept lending their tainted money.

All the other cheats whose pockets swell in war time will be prevented from carrying off their booty. The glittering gems will be torn from their fingers and from the fingers of their fat wives. They will return to their level before the war.

As for the Pan-German newspaper agitators, who could not do enough in the interests of their superiors and overreached themselves in "fatherland" enthusiasm, race-baiting, lying and distorting, they will be very severely punished. Their punishment will be this: to have to write every day the selfsame rot that they wrote on the corresponding day of the war.

Perhaps that will open the eyes of the German public—if it is at all possible to open the eyes of the German public—as to the character of their spiritual leaders in the war.

But the most fearful penalty of all must be in-

flicted upon the family of monsters who, when they thought the hour propitious for their predatory expedition, did not shrink from sacrificing to their mad, bloody lust the peace and happiness of the whole of civilized humanity.

They must be punished in such a way that the people may witness their punishment daily. The people must exact their own retribution. Every widow whose husband is on the monsters' conscience, every orphan, must look upon their degradation.

And when they will finally have perished from off the face of the earth, they will not have atoned for even a perceptible part of all the woe and agony that they brought down upon humanity.

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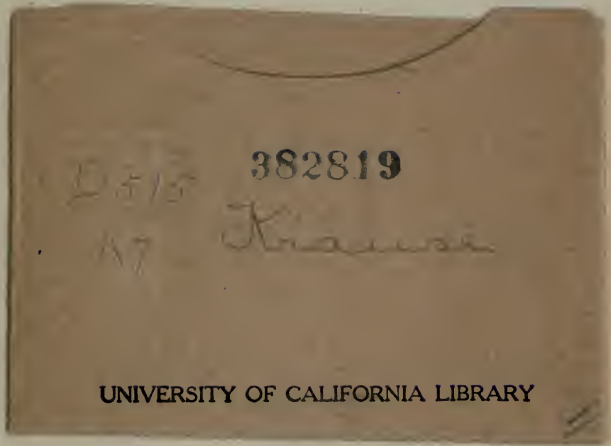
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